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FRANCE AND THE ROMAN CHURCH.

We have given our readers some information about "Clause VII.," or the rule aimed chiefly against the Jesuits, but which suppresses in France those religious orders which are not "authorized." It has been felt in England and in this country that there was much of mere partisanship mingled with this question, and not a little of the Infidel animus against all religion. But in the June number of the *Contemporary Review* Mr. Edmond Scherer, with the special view of setting the English public right on this subject, gives a very clear and convincing article entitled "The French Republic and the Catholic Church." It sets forth the reasons of the conflict between the Government and the Church, and explains the consequent action of the French Legislature. We will endeavor to give the gist of the argument.

The character of those who originated and supported the bill suppressing certain religious orders, is a sufficient reply to those who charge the measure with being but the beginning of a war of religious fanaticism. M. Jules Ferry is by no means a religious fanatic, but an honest and practical reformer. M. Waddington is one of the most moderate and modest men of his party. M. de Freycinct is noted for his conciliatory disposition and honesty. So much for the originators of the measure; while as for the Senate, the majority of those who opposed it were Royalists, Bonapartists, and Ultramontanes, who systematically voted against every measure proposed by the Government or the Lower House.

The struggle now going on in France is in fact but what has taken place in every country where the Roman Catholic Church has had sufficient strength to threaten the Government with difficulties in case her demands are not complied with. While recognizing the existence and lawfulness of the State, it yet alleges its own divine commission to bring the laws and conduct of the Commonwealth under the control of ecclesiastical authority—everything to be brought into agreement with its canons. Such is the theory—"a theory which the Roman Catholic Church is not at liberty to disown, for that would be disowning herself, giving up her *raison d'etre*, dwindling to the condition of a mere sect, of one religious denomination amongst all the others." With such a theory there have always been, and always will be, collisions between Church and State.

Hence the civil war in Switzerland, which terminated in 1847 with an enactment which excluded Jesuits from all action in Church and School, in fact from the country, and extended the decree to any other religious orders which should disturb the peace. Hence also the contest in Prussia. Without justifying all that Bismarck has done, it is evident that his measures were due to the fact that he has seen the same peril as that which threatens France, and has acted accordingly.

The history of the Concordat in

Austria is a memorable instance in point. Says M. Scherer :

A concordat was agreed to in 1855, which remains as the official programme of Catholicism. The holy Roman religion was to be forever maintained throughout the Austrian Empire," with all the rights and privileges which belong to it in virtue of the Divine order and of canon law." Private as well as public schools were placed under the control of the Episcopate. The same with the press : books censured by ecclesiastical authority were to be considered as legally prohibited. The religious consecration of marriage was declared necessary for its validity. The higher clergy were no longer amenable to lay tribunals, and bishops recovered the right of visiting refractory priests with temporal punishment. . . When Austria, after Sadowa, tried to raise herself from the state of disintegration and decay into which she had fallen, the first care of Count Von Buest was to abrogate the worst parts of the Concordat entered into with Rome. Six years later, in 1874, the Concordat itself was cancelled, and what is noteworthy, by the will of one only of the contracting parties, and in spite of the protestations of the Holy See—a terrible slight to its authority, a terrible blow to its pretension of treating with the kingdoms of the earth on a footing of equality, not to say with the condescension of a superior toward its inferiors.

The contest actually going on now in Belgium is another instance. The State, according to the principles of religious equality, wishes to render public instruction open to all, and independent of the priests. The Church has recourse to excommunication in order to coerce the schoolmasters.

France now finds herself like other Roman Catholic countries, in conflict with the Church. At the end of the last century France made the law of the land independent of the law of the Church in such matters as marriage, ecclesiastical immunities, the validity of religious vows, etc. From that time onward the Church has endeavored to regain its lost foothold. And now, as all measures are determined by the majority, she seeks to obtain control of the education of the young in order to command the votes of the people. This is to be done through the religious orders, and particularly the Jesuits. Liberty of conscience of course implies that no persons shall be compelled to subject their children to instruction in a faith which they do not hold. The Republic cannot enter into the merits or demerits of a creed. There must necessarily be an antagonism between a lay government and any religious society which believes itself commissioned to bring Nations and States under the sway of an infallible authority. In a Republic the press must also be free. The Government, therefore, could not suppress the public exposure of deeds damaging to the good fame of the clergy.

Matters at length reached a crisis. Marshal MacMahon dismissed the Cabinet, and appealed to the public electors. It was now a question to be decided at the polls, and the contest began. The clergy made it a question of life or death. Pope Pius IX. gave his aid and encouragement. He granted indulgences to those who would vote with the clerical party. Marshal MacMahon himself, to use an American phrase, "stumped" the country. At the Cathedral he was addressed by the Bishop as the "supreme hope of France," assured of the blessing of the Pope, and told that God had chosen him to make "reparation." The Bishop of Tarentaise went so far as to say that voting for an opposition candidate was as guilty an act as a sacrilegious Communion. The common clergy made their pulpits resound with political harangues, denouncing the liberal candidates personally ; nuns visited families in behalf of the cause ; and a manual of prayers was

drawn up, addressed to the Divine Heart of Jesus and the immaculate heart of Mary, to obtain a favorable issue to the "terrible crisis."

The question whether the Church should rule the State, or the State be independent of her authority, was thus fairly brought before the people. The decision was in favor of independence. The desperate efforts, however, which the Church had made during the election to secure control of the country, very naturally caused the Republicans to entertain an extreme aversion to her. When, then, the question of public instruction came up, it was hardly to be expected that there should be a willingness to continue the power or influence which would mould the minds of the youth in opposition to those principles which lay at the very foundation of the Republic. But in examining this question, certain very ugly facts were brought to light. Besides the declared opposition of the Church to the spirit of the present age, there was the fearful mediocrity of the clergy. Scholarship is a rarity among them. They are given to studies at war with society. They have created disgust by the doctrines of the Immaculate Conception, Papal infallibility, and the miracles of Lourdes and La Salette. Moreover, the morality taught in their books of moral theology and directions for the confessional, together with the particular training the members of the orders have to undergo, utterly disqualify the clergy for the position of educators of the youth of France. The decided step was therefore taken, and France followed the example of other countries which have successfully gone through the same struggle. Says M. Scherer:

The contest in which the Republic has engaged, is certainly no light warfare. It may result in the conflict of a majority of the population with a minority so large that the State will be shaken to its foundations, and the victory, though legal, will savor of oppression. All this is very true, and if it happens, very sad. But what is to be done if the struggle is in the very nature of things, and cannot be avoided? Are we to fold our arms, to shut our eyes, and to drift toward the condition of Spain or Paraguay? It is worthy of remark that a politician like M. Jules Favre, though born a Roman Catholic, should have come to the conclusion that the chief cause of the evil destinies of France was its resistance to the Protestant Reformation. The fact is that the weight of an unsolved question seems to lie on those European States which three centuries ago shut themselves up against spiritual emancipation. They have to break off in their turn with theocracy to disengage themselves from the trammels of a dead tradition. The nineteenth century will complete the work of the sixteenth, and the nations which are found unable to accomplish that revolution, will fall into the rear of civilization.

It is important to discriminate between the two species of Mysticism which appeared not only in the Middle Ages, but appear more or less in every age. In itself, and abstractly considered, Mysticism was a healthful reaction against the extremely speculative character of Scholasticism. It served to direct attention to the fact that religion is a life as well as a truth. But, on the other hand, Mysticism was an unhealthy reaction against a moderate Scholasticism. It forgot that Christian dogma is the support and nutriment of all genuine Christian life; and that there is no trustworthy religious experience that is not grounded in the perception of religious doctrine. The mystic of this species disparaged discriminating and accurate statements of Biblical doctrine, and was often the violent enemy of scientific theology and Church symbols. In this instance, Mysticism soon run itself out into positive and dangerous errors.—*Dr. Shedd.*

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF DR. MUHLENBERG.

The Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg was a man whose good deeds were so many, and whose influence will so long survive him, that almost any personal recollections will be perused with interest. Having read Sister Anne's Life of this great and good man, the narrative awakens so many cherished recollections that we venture, notwithstanding his biographer has gracefully touched almost every point, to place a few items upon record.

Our first experience of College Point was on the evening before Good Friday, 1843. We had obtained leave of absence from college to have an interview with the Doctor in reference to accepting the position of instructor in St. Paul's. He was about to start for Europe, and we were to begin our duties in the Autumn, before his return.

We arrived at twilight, and soon the bell summoned all to even-song. The chapel was dimly lighted. Upon the altar were two tall lighted candles, between which and underneath a large plain gilt cross, was an open Bible. The students and their instructors quietly entered, and took their seats, the organ playing a plaintive voluntary. No sooner had the bell ceased than the Doctor entered the chancel, and as he knelt, every knee in the chapel was bent also, and all joined in chanting to appropriate music the *Miserere*. This was followed by a few prayers from a chapel Liturgy adapted to the season, and which was taken mainly from that of Bishop Ken. The impression created by that first service can never be effaced, and we doubt if any ever witnessed it for the first time with dry eyes. Surely, we thought, boys reared under such influence cannot fail to learn the way heavenward, and to see it.

There were at that time in the Institution, and gathered from all parts of our country, about one hundred boys. Our first impression was that the discipline must be unduly strict; for both on entering and leaving the chapel, in the rooms and in the dining-hall, there was, what seemed to us, an unnecessary quiet. We learned afterward, however, that the boys were at liberty to give full vent to the exuberance of spirits, and in the dining-room particularly there was no restraint upon conversation. But there was a reason for the quiet which prevailed at the time of which we speak. It was Passion Week, and all unnecessary noise was hushed. The services of the chapel clothed with a sombre hue everything pertaining to the school. Sacred was mingled with secular instruction in the recitation-rooms, and while all amusements were not stopped—for this would have been unwise—those of the more boisterous kind were suspended. There was not a person in any department who was not thus reminded that this was Holy Week.

Nor shall we ever forget our first interview with Dr. Muhlenberg in his study. His manner was frank and friendly. Questions were freely asked and answers given on both sides. We were made to feel perfectly at ease, but never could we look toward him without encountering a gaze which, while neither cold, repelling, nor inquisitive, seemed to be looking one through and through, as though he read all that was within. Has any one ever engaged in earnest conversation with Dr. Muhlenberg, and not noticed that look?

The friendship formed at that time never ceased. After our connection with the College was dissolved, we were accustomed to spend portions

of our vacations at College Point, and every foot of those grounds were trodden in walks with him, whose conversations were most instructive to one then pursuing his theological studies. There was another also with whom our walks were frequently taken — Mahan — and at evening we had gathered many golden thoughts to jot down in our notebook.

His personal attachments were strong and lasting, and while there was a special bond between him and his pupils, whom he styled his spiritual sons, this bond was strengthened when they became his co-laborers as instructors. We remember particularly his warm attachment to one who, besides filling the office of instructor, became organist, and had charge of the music of the chapel. There seemed to be hardly a day when this gentleman — now the Rev. O. B. Keith — was not in close and confidential relations with the Doctor. Nor was the "harmony" merely a musical one. Long years of intimacy had created a thorough understanding and sympathy, and some of his later years were gladdened by the society of his old pupil and friend.

On entering upon our duties at College Point, Dr. Muhlenberg had not yet returned from Europe. Doctor (afterward Bishop) Wainwright came from New York to look after the institution; but the Rev. Libertus Van Bokkelen was in charge, and a most effective and active manager and thorough disciplinarian he was.

On his return from Europe, the Doctor was greeted with every token of gladness by the whole large household, and soon all was moving quietly on. The routine of school life and duties was much as it had been at Flushing Institute, which is graphically described in his biography. The prefect and section system, which had been partially suspended, was for the time revived. The idea was to prevent the evils of the mingling together of unsuitable mates, or the forming of cliques or parties. The lads were divided into sections of twelve or fifteen, being persons of nearly the same age, without regard to their school classes. These were to be always under the charge of some instructor or theological student who was styled a prefect. He was to be to them as an elder brother, joining them immediately after study and recitation hours, mingling with them on the playground, in their walks, or in their boating and nutting excursions. But while these were the prescribed duties there were thus afforded opportunities which were frequently improved, of imparting religious instruction and exerting a religious influence, which bore fruit in after years.

In reference to Dr. Muhlenberg's ecclesiastical views, we know that at the time of which we are speaking—1843–4—he was regarded by all his household as a High Churchman. But he was no man to follow blindly any system or party. He was thoroughly independent. But he was, in the main—so far as they fairly represented High Church views—with the Oxford Tracts and Dr. Newman. Their mode of statement of the doctrine of the Sacraments never pleased him; and in that sense he could justly say he "never received the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration." But we are quite sure that any of those pupils who may have retained their copies of his catechetical questions and answers, which constituted the Sunday lessons, will find there doctrinal statements which, though they may differ widely from Dr. Newman's, yet express the views of many who believe that they *do* "receive the

doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration." But Dr. Muhlenberg was thoroughly candid and fearless. He knew that his æsthetic services, which were always in good taste, and never approached the tawdry or frivolous, would subject him to the charge of being a Romanizer. But he had adopted them, in the main, years before, before his theological views had been modified; and satisfied of their beneficial influence in securing a reverence for sacred things, he would not change them.

We remember in this connection an incident. One evening the father of one of the boys had come with a friend to spend a few hours at the College. It was the hour for evening prayer, and they entered the chapel. Instead of joining in the services, they sat very uneasily, and in countenance and manner, amounting almost to rudeness, expressed their dislike. As they left the chapel, one of the two addressed one of the older boys "Is this a *Catholic* chapel?" The young man politely, but promptly, replied "Yes sir. Every time we have service we say, I believe the Holy Catholic Church." Dr. Muhlenberg was much pleased when he heard of this, and we imagine the two gentlemen in their interview with him were mollified.

But the good Doctor had no patience with ecclesiastical dilettanteism —dandy Catholicism, as it was called. He entertained an equal disgust for Evangelical sentimentalism and cant. Probably what won him to the writers of the Oxford Tracts was that he regarded them as so thoroughly in earnest, so honest and fearless. But we well remember the recoil, when Dr. Newman's work on Development appeared. What was good and spiritual in the teachings of that school remained, but he regarded their extremes as treason against Catholic truth.

His biographer speaks of his choice of the name "The Holy Communion" for his church, and the reason for preferring that to the name St. Sacrament. We will here record a personal reminiscence. He told us that he felt the name to be a matter of no little importance, and he was very much perplexed to find a suitable one. At length he fervently prayed God to guide him in his selection. Having done this, as he was standing listlessly by his study table, he opened at random a Prayer Book lying before him. The first words that met his eyes were 'The Holy Communion.' He clasped his hands in rapture. Nothing could have been more appropriate. The term embodied exactly the idea he wished to realize.

Always throughout his ministry Dr. Muhlenberg contended that the Church allowed latitude in the services. He was perhaps too little of a rubrician. But this does not account for his peculiar services in the chapel. The school, he contended, was his family, and though the services were in a consecrated place, and he wore the surplice, yet here he was at liberty to use what service he would. On Sundays, however, and on all Saints' and other holy days, and at Episcopal visitations, the regular service of the Prayer Book was used. This course was fully sanctioned by his ecclesiastical superior, Bishop Onderdonk.

If there be any true religion in us, it is much more likely to be discovered and drawn into actual exercise by an exhibition of the glory and grace of Christ, than by searching for it in the rubbish of our past feelings. To discover the small grains of steel mixed among a quantity of dust, it were much better to make use of a magnet than a microscope.—*Andrew Fuller.*

To a gentleman every woman is a lady in right of her sex.—*Bulwer.*

[Written for The Church Monthly Magazine.]

EVENINGS WITH MY PARISHIONERS.

CHAPTER VII.—WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE?

'After all,' said Mrs. West, after the discussion detailed in our last chapter, 'after all the great thing is personal holiness, each person's own salvation. Let one secure that, and he need not trouble himself very much about the other things—although of course it is very well to know about the visible Church, and to be in it.'

We were about dispersing for the evening when this remark was made. But no sooner had she spoken than Mr. Bion took up the conversation. This Mr. Bion had passed his sixtieth year. He was an old settler in town, and an honest mechanic, a good worker in the Church as well as at his trade, and had, since the organization of the Sunday-school, taken an active part in it, and indeed in all good works connected with the Church. But he was withal quite modest, and had not ventured to join in the discussions at the rectory, though always present at them. On this occasion, however, as the meeting was virtually broken up, and he and Mrs. West were on intimate terms in all matters pertaining to the Church, he freely gave his opinion.

'I often think,' said he, 'when I hear persons speaking in this way, of my experience when, forty years ago, I came to this country. It was all a wilderness; not a road, not a path, not even a line of blazed trees to mark the way. There were panthers, and there were bears. The Indians, it is true, were not troublesome, though they were in the neighborhood. Now my object in coming was to reach this point with my wife and children. I had no object aside from that. But did I say to myself "I don't need a map, I don't need a compass, I don't need my rifle, I don't need the company of the two other families who are travelling with us, I don't need the wagon, the cooking utensils, etc., etc.?" I don't think I reasoned in this way at all. To be sure, map and compass and rifle were not what I started out for. They were not the objects of the journey; and if I only reached my destination, they were of no consequence. And I suppose that possibly I could have got through without any of them. Many a wild Indian who never went to school a day in his life, had done the same thing before. But I didn't care to make the venture. There was too much at stake. And I did not think it was possible amid so many dangers to have too many safeguards. Nothing that could help to guide or protect us was to be overlooked. Now that is the way I look at spiritual things. We are on a journey through the wilderness of life. The sole object of the journey is to reach the home above. If the good Lord in teaching us about that world, has provided for us anything, I don't think it wise to regard it as of no consequence, and ask if we could not possibly get along without it. It seems to me to be hazarding too much.'

I could not suppress a feeling of pride as my Sunday-school superintendent made this capital shot. For many years when the country was new, he had lived here in his seclusion, his reading being the Bible, the Prayer Book, the few choice volumes his library contained, and *The Gospel Messenger*, brought by the weekly mail. He had not read and thought in vain.

After a short pause another gentleman of the company said:

'Since hearing what our rector has taught us on the subject of the Church

as an outward and visible society, this thought has occurred to me. Let us suppose that so far as regards the bearing upon individual salvation, it makes no difference whatever to what organization a person belongs. Here are a number of religious societies or sects. One *must* make his choice between them; for he cannot be baptized or come to the Communion without joining some religious society. Very well: I look at them all, and the claim each one presents to consideration is founded upon some supposed nearer conformity than the others to the teaching of Scripture. But I may have neither the time nor the ability to investigate these points; there are so many of them that life is hardly long enough to enable one so to examine as to do them all justice; and they admit that the choice which one might make after such a study would be a matter of no consequence. Well, in looking at these, I find one society which makes one claim which the others do not assert for themselves at all. It claims a legitimate descent from *that* society which we know did exist in the days of Christ and His Apostles. It always did make this claim. It always put it forward. Its arguments are the plain arguments of history, to prove it. Particular pains were taken by it at the time of the Reformation, to see that the continuity of the Apostolic Church should not be broken. I say then to the Presbyterian, the Baptist, the Methodist, and others, your personal piety may be unquestionable, but the religious organizations to which you belong are not descended from, are not branches of, are not in any manner identical with, *that* religious organization which existed in Apostolic days. You do not even pretend that they are. But here is a society which claims to be, and which produces very strong arguments to prove that it is such a branch. You say it makes no difference. Grant it. I still prefer to cast my lot in with that.'

Seeing that the company was not in a hurry to disperse, I added:

'It seems to me neither reverent nor safe for persons to take any fact clearly established by Scripture, and set it down as a thing of no consequence. Now here is a fact which I am sure Christians need only to have pointed out to them to recognize it as holding a position in the economy of grace. The world became apostate. There seems to have been a number of preachers of righteousness among the antediluvians, sent in God's mercy to warn and to save them. But they chose destruction. God selected from the world a family with whom He made a covenant, and that family was saved in the Ark.

'Again the world became apostste, and another covenant was made with another family, likewise separated from the world and organized into an outward and visible Church. Elect, chosen, the peculiar people, the family of God, the vineyard of the Lord, the fold, all these terms are applied to this sacred household, the Jewish Church.

'In due course of time our blessed Lord and Saviour appears in the midst of an almost apostate world. And what does He do? Why one of the first acts of His ministry is to gather around Him into a little family and household the nucleus of that outward and visible Christian Church which through the Sacraments holds a covenant relationship with Him.

'Here, then, we see that in each dispensation there was a covenant made between God and a portion of the race whom He would bless, and with whom He would make specific terms of salvation. In the first was the sin-

gle family of Noah, which was saved in the Ark—and the Ark has ever been held as the symbol of the Christian Church. In the second was that vast tribe, the descendants of one family, and consisting of innumerable households—the Jewish Church and nation. In the third is the Christian Church, restricted to no family or household, but embracing all who will enter its fold. These are marked features of each dispensation. Is it not a little presuming in us to ask, What is the use? As my friend Mr. Bion has suggested, if we find certain things provided for the guidance and safety of travellers through the wilderness of this world, is it safe for us to despise any of them?'

[For The Church Monthly Magazine.]

NOTES FROM NATURE.

June 20th.—The time of wild roses and elder, of oxeye daisies and bindweed, is here; but they all appeared this year earlier than their wont, and passed away sooner. After the first week it was hardly possible to find a snowy, fresh-looking daisy, so quickly did they become shabby, till, with their rusty disks and frayed-out fringes, they resembled nothing so much as hosts of poor relations.

The Elder-bushes were uncommonly full of bloom, and I never pass its graceful clumps, with their snowy tufts, without wondering why no one ever attempted to use it for a hedge. I have consulted a treatise on American weeds, and see nothing against it, save that its roots are long, and rather troublesome to the *farmer*. It belongs to the same family as the snowball, and I think is quite as effective. I find also this remark concerning it, that "the uncertain Summer of England is established by the time the Elder is in full flower, and is entirely gone when its berries are ripe"; but all else concerning it is rather favorable than otherwise. The branches are said to be very efficacious in driving away flies. Since writing the above, I find in an old work on Poisonous Plants, that many of the old English botanical writers considered it unwholesome to sit or sleep under the shade of the Elder—a notion which might be made serviceable in keeping off tramps from a country residence. The natives of the English Midland counties have an idea that the Saviour's cross was made of Elder, and will carefully avoid burning any part of the tree which they suppose to have been applied to so sacred a purpose. It is also said that Judas hanged himself on an Elder. I wonder how much either of the foregoing traditions account for the Elder being—as it seems to me—so very much let alone.

The blossoms of the Bindweed have also seemed more noticeable than usual—wild morning-glories as they are called by many. To quote an English lady: "These are the hedge-bells and withewinde of the old writers; of which every flower, leaf, stem, and spiral fold is a *perfect* study for the artist; whether as regards form, the play of light, or the shade on its surface. And were an artist, from any cause, to be restricted to a single plant, he might well be satisfied with this, so innumerable are the models it presents for his pencil." I would respectfully suggest it as a model to the numerous disciples of Decorative Art in this country, in place of the much-used daisies, cat-tails, and black-eyed Susans, which latter title seems now to be generally applied to the flowers of *Rudbeckia hirta*, and is an uncommonly felicitous appellation.

The Yarrow and the St. John's-wort also enliven the roadside. Concerning the former, it may not be generally

known that the good women of the Orkney Islands hold Yarrow-tea in high repute for its power of dispelling melancholy. If this information only cause this humble, but not homely, plant to be more thoroughly appreciated, it will not have been given in vain, and I shall yet hope to see small bouquets of Yarrow for sale on Broadway, as well as Oxeye-daisies. How delightful to be able to exclaim, with our hands filled with Yarrow, "Hence, loathed melancholy!"

July 1st.—

"Dust on thy mantle, dust,
Bright Summer, on thy livery of green."

I find myself continually repeating the above quotation, so thick and impalpable are the clouds of dust which obscure the face of nature—now sadly in need of a good washing. There are few sights so disheartening as the spectacle of a broad tract of country where the vegetation is daily becoming more shrivelled, and the very grass dying under our feet. To the farmer who has risked his all on the products of the soil, it must be melancholy indeed. The roads are like beds of ashes, so that our walks become daily more circumscribed, and we turn with relief from the withered herbage of the land to the fresh, bright blue of the Sound, which no dust can dim, and no drought discolor. Calm and tranquil it lies, as though utterly unconscious of the green shores daily growing browner beneath the fervid sun, or of the many heart-rending scenes so lately enacted upon its waters.

This afternoon the surface is like a mirror, save where the oars of a passing boat fling back a shower of liquid silver. The only sounds are the monotonous cry of the cuckoo from a distant grove, and the plaintive note of the small sandpipers scurrying over the rocks at the water's edge, while over all is borne from the further shore the measured beating and throbbing of the great paddlewheels of the passing steamers. A strange, sad, solemn sound; whether you hear it, as now, under the Summer sunshine, or are woke at midnight by the regular, reverberating strokes, sounding almost like muffled drums. The sound varies of course with the state of the atmosphere, sometimes not being very perceptible for days together. Lulled by these dreamy, slumberous sounds, it seems as if we might almost sit here forever; but the shadows begin to lengthen, and the rowboat lands its party of young people, who are making merry over the discovery, by one of their number, of the fact that lobster-pots are only hencoops, after all.

So we pursue our way toward the house, drawn thither by an influence more potent at this hour than all the spells which Nature weaves, even though a handful of her leaves be at the bottom of it—*i. e.*, the old china teapot. KELAH.

It should be observed concerning each of the things which we renounce in baptism, that we do not undertake what is beyond our power: that the temptations of the devil shall never beset and molest us; that the vain show of the world shall never appear inviting to us; that our own corrupt nature shall never prompt or incline us to evil: but we undertake, what, through the grace of God, though not without it, is in our power; that we will not, either designedly or carelessly, give these our spiritual enemies needless advantage against us; and that, with whatever advantage they may at any time attack us, we will never yield to them, but always resist them with our utmost prudence and strength. This is the renunciation here meant: and the office of baptism expresseth it more fully; where we engage "so to renounce the devil, the world, and the flesh, that we will not follow nor be led by them."—*Archbishop Secker.*

[Written for The Church Monthly Magazine.]

ROB'S VACATION.

By H. Y. E.

Chap. VIII.—Honor among Thieves.

It was past midnight. In a room of a hotel in Cincinnati, gathered around a table on which were a number of letters and bundles of papers—law papers apparently—might be seen three gentlemen. One was a lawyer; the other, had he turned up the lappel of his vest, would have disclosed the badge of the chief officer of the detective service; the other was our friend the Rev. Dr. Jamieson. In another part of the room, and sitting near a door leading into another apartment, was a second member of the detective corps. He was there to assist his superior officer; part of his duty for the last hour had been to communicate with, and at times call into the presence of the company here assembled, another person from the room adjoining, who might from appearances be supposed to be under arrest. We shall have to explain the scene here described to our readers.

They will remember the conversation at the railroad station, as reported by James to Dr. Jamieson. That conversation was between Mr. Finslay and his clerk. Years had now elapsed. This clerk while yet a minor had entered Mr. Finslay's service, with full confidence that his superior was the man of integrity the public supposed him to be. Gradually, however, he came to find out that he was not over-scrupulous in his dealings—so gradually indeed that his own moral principles began to yield to the influence around him, and in the course of time Mr. Harden—for that was his name—was not much better than the master he served. So that when Mr. Harden was admitted to the bar, he was privy to so many of his old master's transactions that he was in a position to demand, and Mr. Finslay would have been unwise to reject a proposition for, a copartnership. A new 'shingle' was accordingly nailed to the door, bearing the name of Finslay & Harden. The former retained exclusive charge of and interest in all business belonging to him at the time of the copartnership, the latter having part in what should thereafter come in. They prospered; Mr. Finslay having already attached himself by several ties to reputable people, to the Church, and to various enterprises of religion and charity, all which was sufficient to silence any suspicion which might arise. But in the community were many with high sense of honor, who had no confidence in the man's integrity. Nothing open, or which could have been taken hold of by the law, had created this impression; still from the depths of iniquity hidden beneath fair professions, little things would come to the surface, disclosing to the observant what was below.

Some author who has sounded the depths and written upon the subject of criminal life, denies unqualifiedly the truth of the familiar saying 'Honor among thieves.' There is no honor among thieves. For honor rests upon right, and the whole career of a thief is a repudiation of all right. There may be pride among thieves—a pride that will affect the appearance of honor, but it is a mere affectation. And while the interest of a scoundrel is wholly at the mercy of an accomplice, he will deal fairly by the other scoundrel, lest he himself should be brought to grief. So was it with the two partners of the new law firm. Much of their business for their clients

was fairly and honorably done. This helped to sustain their reputation. But where concealment was practicable, and promised to be profitable, their integrity was not to be relied upon. But the saying 'Honor among thieves' is understood to refer to their dealings with each other—companions in iniquity. But while Mr. Harden, in the course of his clerkship, had become pretty well acquainted with various secret transactions of his employer, and knew, in fact, much more than the latter supposed, his 'honor' would not allow him to betray the trust—certainly not until he could find it to his advantage to do so. Furthermore, the time might come when his own doings would demand a similar act of 'honor' on the part of Mr. Finslay.

It so happened that in several transactions in which the firm had been concerned, and where, by a show of minute and careful entries made from day to day, good round charges had been made for things which had never been done, bringing in goodly gains to the firm, Mr. Harden had discovered that his partner, in dividing the proceeds did not scruple to attempt to defraud him as well as his clients. At first he thought of retaliating by similar practices, but he concluded that their firm would not last long if the parties were to deliberately set about robbing each other. He therefore, young as he was, 'had it out' with his senior, and gave him to understand that the head of the firm was not in a position to deal unfairly with his inferior without putting himself in danger of exposure. Matters went on more satisfactorily after that interview; but Harden had learned a lesson. He had learned that there was no baseness to which Finslay would not stoop. 'And suppose,' said he to himself, 'that Finslay should find it for his interest some time to cover up his own villainy by ruining me. But he shall not do it.' Accordingly, taking advantage of his long acquaintance with Finslay's irregularities, and making use of his facilities in the office, he set about secretly obtaining proofs of all that he knew, by copying secret letters and documents which had been hidden away, until at length he had acquired a mass of information and proof which would have been sufficient to send the man to prison. He was even astonished himself at what he had learned, and began to fear not only the evil which Finslay might bring upon him if so disposed, but to question whether he was safe while remaining in partnership with such a villain. But the time for the expiration of the copartnership had not arrived when this discovery was made. Any attempt on his part to break it would give the other the advantage in the settlement. He must therefore continue his course, bound to this moral cadaver.

Another result of this investigation was to set Harden himself seriously to thinking. Finslay had evidently begun by wishing to do right, and in fact intending to do so. But greed was too strong for his never very strong principles. Slight departures from the right, possibly with the intention of making amends in the future, became a habit, and becoming less and less scrupulous, he finally abandoned himself to temptation, and laying all considerations of right aside, the at first unwilling villain became a villain from choice. And now was not he (Harden) treading the same path? He had not perhaps reached the brink of the precipice, but he could see it in the distance, and the path he was treading leading to it—the brink of the bottomless pit.

Harden was really alarmed when

he discovered this. He determined at once to profit by the lesson. He would not follow in the footsteps of his senior. He would exercise a 'wise discretion.' He would keep within bounds. If he could make a sharp bargain, why others must look out for themselves. If he overcharged, it was no more than the grocer or the mechanic did. If by delays which the law admitted, fees accumulated, why it was considered allowable to be party to such. But as for out and out cheating and villainy; as for the kind of rascality which, if discovered, would prevent a man from ever holding up his head in the world again, Harden would have none of it. His mind was made up.

It was acting upon the principle that honesty—giving honesty a very broad signification, and not being very particular about the boundary lines—honesty was the best *policy*. His decision was one of prudence, not of principle.

Meanwhile one of the gentlemen who sat at the table at the midnight meeting alluded to, and whose by no means enviable calling it was—on behalf of society's interests, it is true—to spy out, and by any imaginable artifice to find out the haunts and the ways of the erring, had in the legitimate pursuit of his calling become profoundly convinced that Finslay was not merely the sharp lawyer, and one who was not over-scrupulous, but was in some way complicated in some transactions of a criminal nature. But nothing in the nature of legal proof could be obtained. Here and there his tracks could be discovered, but for the most part they were artfully concealed. Mr. Prendergrast therefore came to the conclusion that as the key which would unlock the secrets of many a villainous transaction was in the hands of Finslay, the cause of society and of criminal jurisprudence especially would be well served when Finslay should be unmasked. How to accomplish this most desirable end, now became the problem. Harden was his partner, but Harden's hand nowhere appeared. Mr. Prendergrast resorted to this expedient: Detailing from a distant city an intelligent detective, he caused him to assume the part of a client in some small matter against some other party (also belonging to the detective force), and employ the services of Finslay and Harden. Being a small matter, the affair was entrusted entirely to Harden. This was precisely what was desired. For Porter, the assumed plaintiff, made himself more than agreeable to his attorney, and became, in fact, a boon companion. Having wormed out of the junior partner the fact that there was no transaction of his senior which he did not know, and that some transactions would not bear the light, the suit which had been commenced was compromised, and Porter remained Harden's jolly companion after he had ceased to be his client. Porter also learned that this copartnership was merely one of business interest, and that neither respect nor affection had any part or lot in it. Consequently, all that was needed in order to the entire exposure of Finslay, would be a quarrel with his partner.

As it has always been beyond the power of the present author to reconcile the principles of the detective service with moral principles, she will not attempt to do so now. But it so happened that there was no occasion for fomenting a quarrel between the two partners. All that Prendergrast and his associates had to do was to watch and to bide their time.

The time for the expiration of the copartnership drew nigh. Harden de-

manded a full settlement and a closing up of old accounts, before drawing papers for a renewal. There was procrastination and higgling and shuffling, which to the eyes of Harden boded ill. He knew his senior well, and that he had resolved to obtain an advantage in the settlement. Harden was smothering his wrath, and giving vent to his feelings by making a confidant of his friend Porter, who regularly reported all things to his superior, Prendergrast.

It was just at this crisis that Dr. Jamieson appeared. He came as the disinterested friend of Mrs. Mangam, determined at whatever cost or inconvenience to ferret out all the facts of the case. His first impulse was to go at once to Finslay and demand an explanation. But on second thought he resolved first to ask counsel of an old parishioner and friend, a lawyer of unquestioned integrity, Mr. Galen.

To the utter astonishment of the doctor, Mr. Galen, without a moment's hesitation, stated that he had long been satisfied in his own mind that the suspicions entertained against Finslay were correct; he believed him to be a villain, and that he was systematically robbing Mrs. Mangam. But he had no tangible evidence of the fact, and was therefore glad to join the doctor in a thorough investigation of the matter, to the redress of the widow and to the vindication of the honor of the Church.

The first step proposed was to call into requisition the skill of Prendergrast. That gentleman was sent for. After hearing their statements, with calm manner and a countenance which betrayed neither surprise nor gratification, nor anything but apparently stolid indifference, he asked a few questions, and left them, saying, as he retired, that they might possibly hear from him before the close of the day.

But that indifference on the part of Prendergrast was wholly assumed. In fact, as he left the house, a secret observer might have noticed a broad smile upon his face, as he actually rubbed his hands with glee. For months had he been tracking this fox by day and night, but in vain. He had at length, as it were, discovered, through Harden, where and how to entrap the game. All that was needed now was some definite charge, upon even plausible ground. Here in prospect was the occasion which had been waited for, and Harden, wrought to the pitch of exasperation, could easily be brought to tell all he knew.

Prendergrast, after the interview, lost no time in proceeding to his office, to which place he at once summoned Porter. The conference was very brief. The latter immediately brought Harden into the presence of the chief detective, and now for the first time the legal gentleman was made acquainted with Porter's real character and position. The pretended client was no client at all. The jolly companion had wormed from him in his confidential moods disclosures of his partner's rascality, and the fact that proofs of the same were at hand, to be produced when occasion should require. Harden was completely nonplussed and mortified beyond expression. That he should have talked so freely without any suspicion of the need of caution—that he who was priding himself on being a shrewd young lawyer—should have been so completely outwitted! And then the meanness of the thing! All this he felt, and he looked it too, as he turned a scornful glance on Porter. 'All in the line of business,' said the latter with a grim smile.

A few moments of reflection only were needed to bring Harden himself

to substantially the same conclusion. In fact he was soon entirely at ease when he ascertained precisely what was wanted of him. He had not felt quite ready to make an exposure of his partner, though seriously considering the taking of such a step. But now he was brought into a position where any exposure he might be called upon to make need not be regarded as voluntary. He would be a witness compelled to testify.

Word was accordingly sent to the Doctor and Mr. Galen to be at the hotel that evening. Porter fastened himself upon Harden, accompanying him to his office and boarding-house, taking possession of the papers, and at the appointed hour accompanying him to the room in the hotel where we found them all at the beginning of this chapter.

We need not here go through the details of the examination. It will be sufficient to give the reader the results. It was clear that, as we have before intimated, Mangam, stung with mortified pride at his repeated losses, had determined in a foreign land to seek to repair his fortunes, and then return to his native country to spend the remainder of his days. Unsettled accounts and the care of investments he had placed in the hands of Finslay, thus providing for the maintenance of his family. As he would for some time be travelling from place to place, and his final destination was quite uncertain, and as, moreover, his wife was uncertain as to the place of her residence, he arranged to have his correspondence pass through Finslay's hands. With the control of his client's business, and being the vehicle of his correspondence, he was without restraint. Some letters never reached their destination. Mrs. Mangam's receipts were sadly diminished. Then came the story that Mangam was lost at sea—the foundation for the report being that a vessel upon which he had embarked had been lost in the Mediterranean, but the ship had touched at various ports, and there was no proof that he was on board at the time of the catastrophe. But Harden brought evidence that Finslay had received from Mangam a letter bearing a later date than that event. Finslay's guilt was now beyond question. It was also evident that he was implicated in the rascalities of Titwell. But in order to bring the offender to justice, complaint must be made. It would not do to stir up the Titwell affair until the latter was within reach of arrest. It was clear, then, that Mrs. Mangam must appear as prosecutrix, and Dr. Jamieson was the proper person to prepare her mind for it. Due precautions having been taken for secrecy, and also for securing the attendance of Harden when required, the company separated.

THE LATE DR. HOOK OF LEEDS.—He was perhaps the foremost parish priest of his age for practical ministerial work. Take a specimen of this: he rebuilt the parish church of Leeds, at a cost of £28,000; he was instrumental in building ten new churches in this town, and seventeen parsonages and twenty-one schools, and of establishing seventeen parish priests—in doing which he generously gave up one-half of his own income—and in increasing the number of clergy here from twenty-five to sixty. In the cholera year, when he had gathered 4,000 people together in his church on the fast-day, and 500 communicants at the Lord's Table, he chose for himself the post of danger in the hospitals, which he said was the post of honor. Here was the energy of St. Peter; but what was very remarkable, with that untiring energy of St. Peter there was joined in him the devotional piety and meditative contemplation of St. John.—*Bishop Wordsworth.*

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THEORIES CONCERNING EVIL.

BY JOSEPH M. CLARKE, D.D.

I. The most noted of the philosophical theories concerning evil is the Persian Dualism. Among all the attempts of mere human reason to account to itself for the ongoings of the universe, there is none morally nobler than this. It arranges all things, persons, and events under the ethical categories of good and evil, and explains all that happens as caused by the perpetual and eternal strife of these two principles. There is a good God, Creator of good, and an evil god, creator of evil. In the conflict, Ahuramazda (Ormuzd) commands the kingdom of good; Angri-mainyus (Ahriman), the kingdom of evil. The best natural symbol of the good element is light; of the evil principle, darkness. Therefore the Persians worshipped fire and the sun; and combining patriotism with religion, identified Iran, their own land, with the kingdom of light, and Turan, the land of their Tartar foes, with the kingdom of darkness. I need not stop to show the points of resemblance and the points of difference between this system and the system revealed in the Hebrew Scriptures. Jehovah, addressing Cyrus by the mouth of the prophet Isaiah, rebukes the hypothesis of a two-fold creation, saying "I am the Lord, and there is none else; there is no God beside Me. . . I form the light, and create darkness; I make peace, and create evil; I the Lord do all these things."

In some of the later developments of the Persian system, the ethical dualism of good and evil was made to coincide with the substantial dualism of spirit and matter. The dualistic Gnostics, and still more, the Manicheans, conceived of matter as essentially evil, and accounted for the depravity of man by the fact of his having a material body, and being, through his body, sunk in the grossness and vileness of material nature. The great problem of non-Christian thought, in the early centuries of our era, was to conceive how spirit, which was regarded as essentially pure and good, could have produced, or transformed itself into, matter, essentially gross and evil. The fantastic Aeon-systems of the Gnostics, the Sephiroth of the Jewish Cabbala, and some of the speculations of the Alexandrian Neo-Platonists, were attempts to show how the Infinite could have become finite; how out of spirit, matter could have arisen and come into being. The system of modern Buddhism is based upon the principle, apparently deeply rooted in the Oriental mind, that evil is indissolubly connected with the finite and earthly, and is to be escaped only by withdrawing one's self from the world of phenomena into the Abstract, the Infinite, the Eternal.

The doctrine of the inherent evil of matter is alluded to by the inspired writers of the New Testament. The faithful are exhorted to beware of false teachers, who come "forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats, which God hath created to be received with thanksgiving." The faithful are to be temperate in their use of material good things, are even to refrain from lawful indulgence in them, at certain times or in special cases, for religious reasons. But they are not to abstain from material things, as supposing them evil in themselves. "For every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving; for it is sanctified by the Word of God and by prayer." It is to

be regretted that the great doctors, who contended so vigorously against Manicheism as a system outside the Church, had not been more awake to the ill results of belief in the inherent evil of matter, as acted upon by the Hermits of Egypt and the Pillar-saints of Syria, and their imitators and successors, the Monks of the Western Church. Not all our admiration of their zeal, nor our acknowledgment of the many good works they accomplished, need blind us to the fact that often their over-wrought austerities resembled in principle the self-tortures of the Hindoo Fakeers, and as well as the theories of some reformers of modern days, proceeded on Manichean rather than on Christian grounds. Manicheism itself lasted far into the Middle Ages, furnishing the schoolmen with a doctrine to be argued against, surviving even the extermination of the Albigenses, and the efforts against it of the Inquisition, and disappearing only after the Revival of Letters, and at the dawn of the Reformation.

II. We in modern times are familiar with the ordinary Pantheistic view concerning evil. As, according to Pantheism, all that exists is the unfolding of one substance, it follows that all that exists is of one sort. Perhaps the most accessible statement of Pantheistic doctrine for Americans, is in the writings of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Here is a quotation from a poem of his, entitled "Xenophanes": "All things are of one pattern made; bird, beast, and flower, song, picture, form, space, thought, and character, deceive us, seeming to be many things, and are but one. Beheld far off, they part as God and devil: bring them to the mind, they dull its edge with their monotony." All things are one. They differ not in kind, but only in degree. Evil is the less good. That is best which has the most being. That is worst which has the least. To quote Emerson again, this time from the "Essays": "Essence, or God, is not a relation, or a part, but the whole. Being is the vast affirmation, excluding negation, self-balanced, and swallowing up all relations, parts, and times within itself. Nature, truth, virtue, are the influx from thence. Vice is the absence, or departure of the same; nothing, falsehood, may indeed stand as the great night or shade, on which, as a background, the living universe paints itself forth; but no fact is begotten by it; it cannot work, for it is not. It is harm, inasmuch as it is worse not to be than to be." Again: "Saints are sad, because they behold sin (even when they speculate) from the point of view of the conscience, and not of the intellect; a confusion of thought. Sin seen from the thought is diminution or less; seen from the conscience or will, it is pravity or bad. The intellect names it shade, absence of light, and no essence. The conscience must feel it as essence, essential evil. This it is not; it has an objective existence, but no subjective." (I suspect that these last two adjectives have become transposed in the printing, but I give the passage as I find it.) The comment I wish to make is, that the view of sin which the conscience takes is the true view, and is the same in kind as that which our Sovereign Lord and Judge takes; and that any so-called intellectual or ontological view which differs from this, is a false and mistaken view, and of injurious tendency.

In our times many are influenced by Pantheistic thought, who are not themselves Pantheists. A softening of the prevailing sentiment toward sin has extended more widely than any change in belief respecting it. Society now scarcely punishes crime

with the vigor necessary for society's own protection. The reaction against the ancient severity of punishment has carried people to an extreme of lenity and indulgence. The criminal has become an object of almost unmixed pity and sympathy. He is to be more kindly treated than the poor and needy who have maintained their integrity. All punishment is to be reformatory, none simply penal. Capital punishment is to be abolished. The rod is to be discarded. The same softness has pervaded the tone of popular morals and popular religion. Vice is very mildly disapproved of, especially in people of good social position. And that preaching is most popular which comes nearest to breaking down the barriers between right and wrong in this world, and abolishing the corresponding "gulf" that parts them in the world beyond the grave. It is owing to this softening of sentiment that so many attacks are made in our day upon the catholic doctrine of everlasting punishment. No doubt that doctrine has been overstated and unduly dwelt upon. Revivalism has magnified it beyond the proportion it bears to the rest of the Christian system. We are expressly taught that those of little guilt shall be beaten with few stripes. And we ought to have full faith that "the Judge of all the earth" will "do right," though He do according to the strict letter of His recorded threats, as well as according to the promises of His Word. But all those theories of the eternal world—Universalism, Restorationism, Annihilationism—which require men to torture the language of the Divine revelation, and to explain away its plainest statements, spring out of a feeling toward sin, different from that of the rightly instructed conscience, and different from that expressed by the God of revealed religion. Moreover, sin, as seen emblemed in the sacrifice of the Infinite Victim, is not something to be tenderly thought of, or regarded with less than eternal wrath and hate.

Theories of necessity, whether religious or philosophical, of necessity as an attribute of human action, have been fruitful of wrong notions respecting both sin and penalty. Modern Calvinism is the logical parent of modern Universalism. For, if God is the Author of all that comes to pass, sin is a part of the results of His own decrees, and how has He a right to punish it? It is nearly the same when, in the Hegelian theory, sin is a part of the process by which man arrives at virtue, and the fall of man is posited as a necessary step in his moral development. Again. If God is able to save eternally a part of mankind by an arbitrary decree and the overruling of their will; and if, as we are assured, God loves all men, it seems a necessary inference that He should save all men. But if, on the contrary, God overpowers no man's free will, and promises salvation only to those who, by their free will, turn themselves to goodness and to God, it seems to follow with equal certainty that though the Divine grace should strive with men to all eternity, there might to all eternity be some who would refuse to repent. And this conclusion is further confirmed by what we know of the nature of moral probation and the permanent *set* that natures originally fluid, take through long continuance in either virtue or sin. As it is part of the hope of the righteous, to arrive at a perfectness from which they cannot fall, so it should be part of the danger set before all men, that, when continued persistence in sin has grieved away the Holy Ghost, they may arrive at a state in which it will be impossible for

them to repent; a state which they will share with Satan, as the saints will share theirs with the good angels and with God.

III. A theory of evil has been brought forward in recent times, the object of which is to mitigate the received doctrine of future punishment. It is urged that evil is only negative, and not positive. Consequently that sin can have only a negative and not a positive punishment. That sin may be punished by the loss of heaven, but that there can be no positive inflictions, such as are suggested to most minds by the name Gehenna or Hell. In support of the idea that evil is only negative, St. Augustine is quoted, and certain of the schoolmen. It is true that the doctrine, as St. Augustine held it, was perfectly consistent, even in his mind, with the infliction of pains and penalties for crimes in this world, and with the most orthodox belief (see Twenty-first Book of the De Civitate Dei) concerning the eternal punishment of the wicked hereafter. Still it may be interesting to inquire how St. Augustine was led to think and state that evil was only negative, and still more so, to ask whether he was right or wrong in his opinion.

It is said by some, though denied by others, that the germ of this theory is found in Plato. At any rate, the theory was held by Plotinus and other neo-Platonists of Alexandria, probably in conscious opposition to the Oriental doctrine of evil's independent existence. Some Christian writers also maintained it in controversy against the Manicheans, perhaps without noticing its inconsistency with the analogy of the faith, and the injurious consequences it might have. In fact, the doctrine that evil is only the absence of good, the diminution of being, is about identical with the Pantheistic view of evil, as stated in the quotations from Emerson given above. But it was the polar opposite to Manicheism, and that recommended it in controversy. St. Augustine may have found the theory useful, also, in certain points of the predestinarian controversy. St. Augustine is the first Christian author of that baleful theological proposition, that God is the cause of everything that comes to pass. "If that be so," said his opponents, "how do you account for sin?" Most modern Christians account for sin by so far limiting God's causation as to allow free-will to His moral creatures. But St. Augustine, being shut out from that answer, chose to say "Oh sin is nothing in the world; a mere negation. Sin only means that the creatures have failed to do the good they were intended to do, and so have lost the original goodness of their being." And yet, by a strange inconsistency, no one ever had more appreciative views than St. Augustine, both of the inherent sinfulness of sin, and of the severity of punishment it deserves.

The schoolmen of the Middle Ages had the continued controversy with Manicheism to keep up, and drew their arguments against it from St. Augustine, as they did great part of all their theological and philosophical views. This may account for the expression, found in some of them, of the Augustinian theory of evil. The men of those days were not as well versed in the subtleties of Pantheism as we moderns are, and had not had as much experience of its dangers. St. Thomas Aquinas, however, modified the Augustinian theory in a way that made it somewhat more consistent with facts. He drew a distinction between negative and privative. Evil, according to him, is not only that which is lacking in good, but also that which diminishes

or destroys good. Every kind of good has its opposing evil, which tends to destroy it; instancing in moisture which is destroyed by drought. Of course he does not mean, as a Manichean would, that this is the original or eternal state of things, but only that it is their present or fallen state. But a principle that is at work to diminish or destroy good in things, is not a mere negative principle. It is positive and active. That which poisons, corrupts, disorganizes, is a positive Force. The original theory that evil consists in diminution of Being, would make everything evil that is finite and created; for fulness of Being, independent and absolute existence, is the prerogative of God alone. Then, too, if increase of evil wrought decrease of existence, total depravity would involve annihilation. Satan and his hosts would be already non-existent, and annihilation would be the immediate doom of all perfectly wicked men. Total depravity, that is non-existence, would also on this theory have *existed* from all eternity, the eternal rival of God himself. So Pantheism brings us, round the circle, to Manicheism again. All finite things being evil, Schopenhauer and the Pessimists would be in the right, as also the followers of Buddha, with their desire to escape from the evils of finite existence into Nirwana, absorption into the Infinite. The perfectly wicked would become nothing. The perfectly good would become everything, the Infinite. Both would lose conscious existence. Is this Hegel's Doctrine, "sein=nichts," or is it the mathematical paradox, "nothing=Infinity"?

It is not consistent with modern metaphyics to say, as St. Augustine did, that substance is necessarily good. Neither is it consistent with Revelation to say, as he did, that continued existence is necessarily a blessing. When the nature of a being has become evil, continued existence, to him, is a curse rather than a blessing, although his existence under the curse may have its uses for other beings, in other parts of God's great empire. Substance is not necessarily good. Substance, apart from qualities, is neither good nor evil. The words good and evil are names of qualities, and denote qualities, and in ethical speech a being is good or evil precisely according to what his qualities are or have become. Those who maintain the evil is positive, are not obliged to hold that it is an independent substance.

Evil is not self-existent. It is not part of God's original creation. Its cause has been the creatures' misuse of that free-will with which their Creator in His wisdom and goodness, endowed them. Evil, the sin, has been originated by wrongly acting creatures. Only evil, the penalty, has been brought about by the righteous will of God. The universe, with all its evil, is better than a universe without free-will would have been, for a universe without free-will would have been a universe without proper virtue among creatures. But this does not prevent that sin and its punishment, that evil both moral and physical, are dread and awful realities. Satan and his kingdom are realities against which God and the good contend. They are foes which Christians fear, and their work, both in the world and in us, is that which we are always, with all our might, to prevent, to resist, and to do away. The catholic or orthodox view which regards evil as not only negative but also positive, though not a substance but a quality, God's original friend and servant turned into His enemy

and opponent—the true Scriptural view—lies between the Manichean view which makes evil self-existent, and the Pantheistic view which, making it a mere lack of good, makes it a virtual non-entity. St. Augustine approached dangerously near the Pantheistic view. Scarcely any modern theologians are willing to follow him there. The late Canon Mozley was a fair and candid critic of St. Augustine. He agreed with him in the belief of a predestination to absolute and certain salvation, a belief which few Christians now-a-days, especially few Churchmen, hold. He even allowed his Augustinianism to prevent his full acceptance of the Prayer Book doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration. But *he* does not endorse the Augustinian theory of evil. Says he ("Augustinian Doctrine of Predestination," page 256): "Plain common-sense tells us clearly enough that evil exists, and exists just as really as good." Of the offender he says: "His state of mind is as intense as possible; there is the fullest determination and absorption in the act." "If virtue, then, is something, is not vice something too?" Canon Robertson also, in his "History of the Church," refers to and endorses the criticism of Prof. Mozley upon the great African doctor. Canon Liddon also, in "Elements of Religion," declares against the theory of the mere negativity of sin. "To see in evil nothing beyond the result of man's finite nature, to see in it a privation only, and not a contradiction of good, is undoubtedly calculated to put us all on very good terms with ourselves. But is any theory of the kind consistent with the most rudimentary idea of evil? Surely our consciences tell us that evil is a great deal more than a maimed effort at goodness, more than a privation of goodness which might be, but is not. Evil and good are not, so to put it, upon the same line of advance. . . . Accordingly, Holy Scripture speaks of sin in terms which are utterly at variance with any such estimate of moral evil as this." Julius Müller also, in his great work on Sin, discusses, condemns, and refutes the doctrine of the mere negativity of evil. When it is considered, then, that St. Augustine's theory is mistaken in itself, and moreover, that as he held it, it was no wise inconsistent with penal inflictions upon the wicked in the eternal world, we shall perhaps hear little more of this particular ground of objection to that doctrine of the Athanasian Creed, so abundantly sustained by Holy Scripture, "The wicked shall go into everlasting punishment; but the righteous into Life eternal."

Episcopal Succession in Sweden.—Have we evidence of the due consecration of Archbishop Laurentius Petersson Nericius, in 1531? Yes, we have documentary evidence of it, amounting to a demonstration. Have we evidence of the due consecration of Archbishop Laurentius Petersson Gothus, in 1575? Yes, we have evidence of so strong a character as to create a moral certainty, though, as in Barlow's case, we have not direct documentary proof of it. Had the Scandinavian Church used the wise caution ever displayed by her English sister, of requiring a consecration to be performed by not fewer than three bishops, in accordance with the fourth canon of the Council of Nice, the cavil in respect to the consecration of Laurentius Gothus would have been as futile as the similar cavil in respect to Barlow. In the case of Parker we can say "We have a moral certainty of Barlow's consecration, but even if a reasonable doubt could be thrown upon it, that would in no way affect the question of Parker's own consecration, as Bishops Coverdale, Scory, and Hodgeskyn officiated with him in that sacred rite."—*For. Ch. Chron.*

[Written for The Church Monthly Magazine.]

THE OLD NURSERY.

"I saw the nursery windows
Wide open to the air;
But the faces of the children
They were no longer there."
—LONGFELLOW.

'What are you thinking about, Aunt Phyllis?' asked Dolly. 'Do you know you have hardly spoken since your return from the North?'

'I really must beg your pardon,' said Aunt Phyllis briskly; 'I had no idea that I had been so abstracted; but the fact is, that I have been thinking more or less about the illusions of childhood. You must know that I stood this week in our old nursery, a room which I have not visited before in a number of years. It is not at all a large apartment, and it was hard for me to believe that it was the same floor which used to appear such a vast extent when our baby feet essayed to cross it. It was impossible for me to imagine it peopled with three small children, and as many nurses and seamstresses, and possessing at the same time any extra space; and yet I know we never half filled it, for we were wont to congregate about the window at the upper end, and considered the lower half of the room as a vast desert, which there was little inducement to cross.'

'O Aunty, do tell us something more about that old nursery and your childhood,' exclaimed Dolly eagerly, as her aunt seemed disposed to relapse into silence.

'O yes! Please do!' seconded Dolly's cousin, Nanny.

'Why, my dears, there is very little to tell,' replied their aunt. 'Compared with nurseries nowadays, it was an utterly uninteresting apartment, without the slightest beauty visible anywhere. Part of the ceiling was sloping, and one odd circumstance I must not forget, which was always mysterious and fascinating. This was a couple of round holes, about six inches across, in the top of the door, intended either for ventilation, or to give light to a little outside entry; but it was always a puzzle to me why no other door in the house should have been similarly honored, and I therefore concluded it to be a special characteristic of nursery doors only. After we were put to bed at night, it was a constant terror and delight to watch, till overpowered by sleep, the light from the hall lamp streaming through those two ghostly eyes, and occasionally of a Winter morning we woke to behold them stuffed up with some dark material, which had a very awe-inspiring effect upon our infant minds. I might tell you of a certain crack in one window-pane, and a peculiarly-shaped flaw in the glass of another, or of a certain bureau-drawer-knob which was always missing; but I doubt if that would interest you,' pursued Aunt Phyllis with a lurking smile.

'Tell us about the carpet,' said Dolly.

Aunt Phyllis's smile became a more decided one, as she replied: 'To my knowledge, there has never been a carpet on that room to this very day; but I can remember the advent of a drugget which covered part of the floor (and that part, by the way, which was least used), of such a quaint design—a white ground crossed by black lines, with small bouquets at intervals, and a flowery border—that we always privately supposed it to be an old shawl belonging to the nurse.'

'What funny notions children have,' said Nanny. 'What could have put such an idea into your heads?'

'I do not know,' said their aunt, 'except that in those days, in that remote district, arrivals were such won-

derful and unusual events that we were apt to associate the appearance of anything we had not before seen with the latest arrival; and our old nurse making one of her periodical visits about that time, we could only suppose that she brought with her the wonderful drugget. I know we aroused her indignation by proclaiming through the kitchen that "Mammy N—— had spread her shawl on the nursery floor."'

'So much for the carpet,' quoth Nanny. 'Now what was the wall-paper like?'

'There was none,' was the prompt response, 'only whitewash. The woodwork was painted white, and the floor a cheerful yellow, and once a year paint and whitewash were renewed.'

'No pictures?' asked Dolly.

'Pictures!' exclaimed Aunt Phyllis, 'why this was before the days of chromos and illuminated texts; and now I think of it, there was but *one* picture in all that large house. That was a small cabinet painting of my father's mother, concealed for years beneath an outline head of Bishop DeLancey, while at the back was tacked an engraving of Bishop Hobart. There was also, on the schoolroom wall, a very large, gloomy map of North America, so darkened and discolored by age that it always appeared to me like a giant turkey, or some huge bird of prey, fleeing with outstretched *wing* (Greenland) before an approaching storm. And then, too, there were the frost-pictures on the windows at early morn. We never see any like them, nowadays.'

'And no curtains?' pursued Dolly.

'I think there was a plain green shade, but as it was generally tightly rolled up, to admit all the light possible, I have but a faint impression of it,' replied her aunt.

'But how did you manage without water?' asked Nanny hesitatingly.

'You mean without baths and pipes and hot and cold water, I suppose. I often think we were better off in that respect than the city people of the present day. There was no lack of water in the huge tin pail always standing in the outside entry, and it could be heated on the stove in a very few moments. We did not suffer at all for want of washing, I can assure you,' said Aunt Phyllis drily. 'Indeed I can remember an old woman once calling at the house on some errand, who had come from a very great distance, and was much astonished by what she chose to consider our grandeur. I and one of my sisters were deputed to show her over the upper rooms, and we thought it very curious that she seemed to see neither necessity nor use for such an amount of what she termed "crockery" in every sleeping-room.'

'But there must have been furniture of some sort,' persisted Dolly. 'What was the most conspicuous object in the room?'

'A stove, my dear,' was her aunt's reply, 'plain, solid, and comfortable, with a spread-eagle in relief on each side, and an iron basin full of water on the top. There was also a square red stand, generally graced by one of those splint baskets, stained in bright colors, purchased from a travelling squaw, and at night by a huge brass candlestick with a pair of snuffers, such as we see now collected for *bric-a-brac*. There were a few wooden chairs—one with very short rockers; a wooden stool with turned legs, the merest apology for a washstand, a bureau with a small dressing-glass, and a fourpost bedstead. The stove, bedstead, and bureau are still there, and look as natural as ever. I must not omit to mention that a Bible and a copy of "Scenes in our Parish,"

with both covers missing, always stood on the bureau beside the glass.'

'Nanny looks utterly disgusted,' said Dolly, laughing at the expression of her cousin's face, who finally ejaculated

'I don't see how you lived in such a room as that, without a single pretty thing about.'

'O we did very well,' said her aunt. 'Where everything was ugly we did not miss the beauty, and that was supplied to us as we grew older, and became too numerous to remain any longer in the old nursery. You must remember, too, that it is my very earliest years which are associated with that room, and it was only in Winter that we were much confined to it. We were probably as happy as most children of the present day. The ashes on the stove-hearth and the contents of the wood-box were great sources of amusement; and when weary of those, we could stand at the window and watch the men carrying wood from the large woodhouse at the left. To the right was a cluster of large barns belonging to a neighbor, but directly opposite the window the land descended gradually for six miles to the westward, where above the wooded slopes lay a narrow strip of blue, which we were taught to call "the lake"—a term which had no meaning whatever for me, as I had then absolutely no conception of a large body of water. I used to puzzle my childish brains with wondering how that blue line apparently *above* the tree-tops could be water. But after hearing a description of Solomon's Temple, and the brazen sea which rested on the backs of twelve oxen, it was all made plain to me. Evidently the lake was supported in the same manner on the tops of the trees, and I felt perfectly satisfied with my explanation, which I never thought of doubting.

'By the way, that view from the nursery window recalls an episode which occurred during my late visit. In a hollow between us and the lake lay a small village, which, though only three miles distant, I had never chanced to visit. Why, I know not, unless that it was off the direct road to anywhere. Our few drives were mostly confined to the turnpike, which ran north and south, with occasional shopping excursions to the villages in those directions; so though I constantly heard the name of this hamlet, from never seeing it, I had almost begun to consider it a myth, and to disbelieve in its existence. During the last two years, however, the indefatigable rector of the Episcopal church at home, has instituted occasional missionary services in the said village, which have resulted in the erection of a small church, lately consecrated. On my recent visit, therefore, the opportunity was at last presented for me to visit E—— village, and I hope the rector was not greatly scandalized when I confessed that a glimpse of the village itself was quite as much of an inducement for me as a sight of the new church.

'Accordingly we started on our expedition, between familiar roadside objects, till we reached a bridge, near which stood a mill and an old farmhouse, which I remembered to have visited once or twice when a child. The occupants at that time were church members, and I have a distinct recollection of the old colonel (as he was called). He often drove up to morning service, and in the short interval before the afternoon service remained at our house for lunch, where, at the sight of five little girls, he invariably made the same remark to my mother—that she would have a houseful of grown-up young ladies before she knew it—a prophecy whose ful-

filment seemed to me then such an utter impossibility, that I fear I conceived a rather contemptuous opinion of the old gentleman's wisdom.

'To return, however, to my subject. The road beyond the mill was all new ground to me, winding between rolling meadows, many of which were strewn with the smooth, water-washed pebbles, which are so abundant on that lake slope. Presently we turned aside to cross a small bridge, and the unseen and unknown village resolved itself into one long, quiet street, bordered by shrubbery, which so concealed the houses it almost seemed at first as if none were there. The church, however, was plainly visible, and a very pretty and satisfactory little building it was. How little I ever thought that my first visit to E—— village would be to attend service at an Episcopal church, or that thirty odd years would elapse before the realization of certain childish longings.'

WASTE OF TIME.—I who have been behind the scenes, both of pleasure and business, and have seen all the springs and pulleys of those decorations which astonish and dazzle the audience, retire, not only without regret, but with contentment and satisfaction. But what I do, and ever shall regret, is the time which, while young, I lost in mere idleness, and in doing nothing. This is the common effect of the inconsideracy of youth, against which I beg you will be most carefully upon your guard. The value of moments, when cast up, is immense, if well employed; if thrown away, their loss is irrecoverable. Every moment may be put to some use, and that with much more pleasure than if unemployed. Do not imagine that by the employment of time I mean an uninterrupted application to serious studies. No; pleasures are, at proper times, both as necessary and as useful; they fashion and form you for the world; they teach you characters, and show you the human heart in its unguarded minutes. But then remember to make that use of them. I have known many people, from laziness of mind, go through both pleasure and business with equal inattention; neither enjoying the one nor doing the other; thinking themselves men of pleasure because they were mingled with those who were, and men of business because they had business to do, though they did not do it. Whatever you do, do it to the purpose; do it thoroughly, not superficially. *Approfondissey;* go to the bottom of things. Anything half done, or half known, is, in my mind, neither done nor known at all. Nay, worse, for it often misleads. There is hardly any place or any company, where you may not gain knowledge, if you please; almost everybody knows some one thing, and is glad to talk upon that one thing.—*Lord Chesterfield.*

[For The Church Monthly Magazine]

HERE TO-DAY AND THERE TO-MORROW.

After the bud, the radiant rose!
After our weeping, sweet repose.
After the burden, the blissful meed;
After the furrow, the waking seed.
After the flight, the downy nest;
Over the shadowy river—rest.

—*Heir of the World.*

Only a step from the sunset calm
That lies o'er the meadows green,
To the city's crowding towers and spires,
With the golden dawn between.

Only a step from our childhood's heart
Replete with the joy of life,
To the heavy heart of our middle age
Already tired with strife.

Only a step from the country's peace
And the Summer silence there,
To the ceaseless sounds of noisy toil
That rise on the morning air.

Only a step from the day gone by,
To the day that is yet to come,
And at the thought of what it may bring,
The heart and the lips are dumb.

Only a step from the years that were,
To the years around us now;
The rosy face of the thoughtless child
To the seamed and wrinkled brow.

Only a step from this sin-stained world
O'erhung with the clouds of night,
To the golden hills and city there,
That shine with Eternal Light.

June 21st, 1880. C. P. V. W.

[Written for The Church Monthly Magazine.]

LEAVES FROM AN OLD DIARY.

My Dear Sally: It is a lovely Summer morning, and I have been sitting by the east window in my little room, looking out over the landscape which lies stretched out between our present home and the blue of old ocean. A long line of beech and maple, with here and there a willow, divides the ploughed field from the green hill above, and from out these tree-tops the birds are calling one to the other, and an old mother robin is teaching her little ones to fly and to find food for themselves. I rose early this morning, to have the benefit of the early morning calls of the birds and the delightful fragrance of the flowers, laden with dew. I open my mouth to drink in this life-giving air, and take long draughts, and wonder if there was ever anything more delicious, and what all the loving words mean in the morning call of the brown-thrush and the answer from a thicket, some distance off, of his faithful mate. When the night comes he calls again, and she in turn answers, till together they find their way to some hidden bough in the maple. I cannot but wonder, Sally, if I have ever been half thankful enough for my blessings, when I see and hear so much that is good.

And this reminds me of something I have been wanting to write to you about. I don't suppose you can remember—no, I am quite sure you were too young—our old Aunt Rebecca. She must have died soon after you were born. Your mother remembers her well. You know she was not our own aunt, but our great-aunt, and at my earliest recollection was past seventy. Well, we have been tearing down the old part of the rectory; and under the roof was a low attic, with no entrance but a small scuttle-hole in the ceiling. No one supposed it had ever been used for anything, as it was so very small and low, and the scuttle, which was probably to serve in case of fire, had never, in our recollection, been unclosed. In this attic, pushed back under the roof, the carpenter came across an old hair-trunk, thickly studded with brass nails, many of them green with age, and in the centre of the lid they were arranged to form the initials "R. H. D." Surely this trunk belonged to none other than dear old Aunt Rebecca Hopkinson Davis. We had the old trunk brought down into the quiet of my husband's study, and then, after the children were safely in bed for the night, we turned up the wick of the student's lamp, and proceeded to open it. It filled us with a strange awe and reverence to think how many years the gentle hand that placed all these packages here for safe keeping, had been laid quietly away in the old village churchyard. There were packages of letters, tied up with faded ribbons, some of so early a date, and directed in such a bold, manly hand, that we felt they contained words of love which we had no right, even at this distant period of time, to gaze upon. So we laid them carefully one side, with a bundle of old deeds and contracts and the copy of an old will. Here, too, in a small box with a glass cover, we saw locks of hair carefully fastened to a paper, with names and dates, so time-worn and stained, that it was with difficulty we read any of the names—which might have been in Greek as to our knowing anything of the owners of them. Then we found an old Bible with passages marked here and there, and a book-mark of faded green ribbon lying between two leaves which

bore the marks of frequent readings. We had a desire to read what had been a favorite chapter with her, and found the chapter containing the last scenes in the life of Christ—His sufferings and death. So then, Sally, she must have liked particularly to think of these, and beside them sink her own sore trials.

Lying carefully wrapped up in a linen handkerchief marked in red cotton with the initials "R. H. D.," was what seemed to be an old account-book, and in fact it had been begun for such, for on the second page we found a record of the number of bushels of potatoes which she had bought of Farmer Grannis; how many eggs she had gathered since the hens began to lay, in February, 1781; how many chickens she had raised; and a plan, sketched on one leaf, of her garden, and in which bed she had peonies, and where the marigold border was to be, and how many tulip and hyacinth bulbs it would need to fill the heart-shaped bed over by the lilac and hollyhock hedge.

But here I am, Sally, taking up all your time and my paper, and yet I haven't come to that part of the contents of the trunk of which I was reminded when I sat looking out of the window at the beginning of this letter; so if you are tired now you may fold up this sheet and read the remainder another day.

But to go on. This would-be account book had been turned into a diary, and in this we read the daily record of the changes in her life—the ills and joys which went to make up the history of a life-time. On one page was recorded the birth of little Mary Anderson (your mother, my dear); on another the terrible illness which took from her loving care her dear and eldest boy Harry. Then came the items of the new dress made by Samantha Pine, and on another leaf was the record of her first call on and reception by the Heatherbys, who had bought the Jones forty-acre farm. So your "Uncle Doctor" (as you call him) turned over page after page of these by-gone records, and there we sat, he with his arm lying lightly around my waist, and our heads close together, poring over the faded leaves till long after midnight, and the cock crowing warned us of the coming morning. But one part of the diary I have left uncovered, and if I should ever venture to write anything for the press, I think I would weave it into a story. It might do good. Here it is:

"When I look back over the long road I have travelled—my blunders and mistakes; my good intentions not carried out; my ambitions, many of them not gratified; my faults, which I might have corrected; the good I might have done; the evil I might have left undone—and then see God's mercy and goodness all the way, I can only exclaim 'What is man that Thou art mindful of him!' How well I remember how unwilling I was to move to Lanesboro; and now I see that Annie would never have had the advantages which in our changed circumstances have helped her to earn her living; and John, dear John, would have grown up as a clerk in the dry goods business, which he had no taste for, instead of being a missionary among the Indians, which work he loved for his dear Lord's sake. Then, when father died and left me of his carefully saved earnings a sum sufficient to take care of us in our old age, and we had such a golden chance to buy that pretty home by the river, how little I thought that the mortgage which I put upon it to save my husband from losing all his investment in the coal mines, would have to

be foreclosed; and so we lose not only the mines, but our precious home. I think (may I be forgiven) I rebelled here: but now I look back and see how we were led on; for though we rented a little house and garden at Harrowsfield, and had to take Summer boarders, and to go without many things which had made life pleasant for us, and sometimes feared even we should be left to want in our later years, yet I bring to mind how typhoid fever made that little river home of ours empty soon after we gave it up; for some capitalists drained the marshes opposite and filled in the low ground, and spread sickness and death on all the neighboring farms; and at Harrowsfield God has spared to me my husband and children."

On this leaf of the diary or journal (as it was getting to be), some years later, my great-aunt had added these lines: "We have just moved into the new rectory, for John has come home; and hereafter we are all to live together; and the stone church is nearly finished; and dear, little, lame Jamie will be able to lie in his easy-chair and watch the bees—those bees which six years ago wandered into our old elm, and which have increased so rapidly that their hives number more than I remember. Who could have foretold that the bees were to provide our daily bread. And the doctor says Jamie will soon be able to walk with a cane; and then he is to study with his father; and so he will take his parish when John and John's father and mother have been laid by the little church. How can I ever be grateful enough for all my sorrows and trials that God has made blessings to me? I am overcome with a sense of His mercy and goodness, which shall follow me all the days of my life."

So ended the diary, and so ends my long letter; but, dear Sally, if ever you feel discouraged, and wonder if life with you has not all been a failure, come over to the old rectory, and we will read over Aunt Rebecca's diary.

Your loving AUNT ELSIE.

ENTERING IN.

The church was dim and silent
With the hush before the prayer;
Only the solemn trembling
Of the organ stirred the air;
Without, the sweet still sunshine;
Within, the holy calm,
Where priest and people waited
For the swelling of the psalm.

Slowly the door swung open,
And a little baby girl,
Brown-eyed, with brown hair falling
In many a wavy curl,
With soft cheeks flushing hotly,
Sly glances downward thrown,
And small hands clasped before her,
Stood in the aisle alone—

Stood half abashed, half frightened,
Unknowing where to go,
While like a wind-rocked flower
The form swayed to and fro;
And the changing color fluttered
In the little troubled face,
As from side to side she wavered
With a mute imploring grace.

It was but for a moment;
What wonder that we smiled,
By such a strange, sweet picture,
From holy thoughts beguiled?
When up rose some one softly,
And many an eye grew dim,
As through the tender silence
He bore the child with him.

And I—I wondered (losing
The sermon and the prayer)
If, when some time I enter
The "many mansions" fair,
And stand abashed and drooping
In the portal's golden glow,
Our God will send an angel
To show me where to go.

Words are men's daughters, but God's sons are things.—*Johnson.*

THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY, AUG. 24, 1572.

The reign of Francis II. was remarkable only for the persecution of the Protestants, which became so grievous that they were obliged to take up arms in their own defence. This occasioned several civil wars, the first of which commenced in the reign of Charles IX., who succeeded to the throne in 1560. This contest continued until the year 1562, when a peace was concluded, by which the Protestants were to have a complete amnesty, and enjoy entire liberty of conscience. But in 1565 the war broke out afresh, and was continued, with little interruption, until 1569, when peace was again concluded, upon terms advantageous to the Protestants.

After this, Charles, who had now taken the government into his hands, caressed and flattered the Protestants in an extraordinary manner. Their destruction had been resolved on, but as they were too powerful to be openly attacked, it was judged necessary to lull them into security by means of systematic dissimulation, and to fall upon them when off their guard. With this view, the king invited to court Admiral de Coligni, the head of the Huguenot party, and so effectually cajoled him that the gallant veteran was lulled into a fatal security, notwithstanding the warnings given by his friends that the king's fair speeches were by no means to be trusted. And he had soon reason to repent his confidence. On the 22d of August, 1571, as he was returning from court to his lodgings, he received a shot from a window, which carried away the second finger of his right hand, and wounded him grievously in the left arm. This he himself ascribed to the malice of the Duke of Guise, the head of the Catholic party. After dinner the king went to pay him a visit, and amongst other things observed "You have received the wound, but it is I who suffer," at the same time desiring that he would order his friends to establish themselves around his residence, and promising to prohibit the Catholics from entering that quarter after dark. This satisfied the admiral of the king's sincerity, and prevented him from complying with the wishes of his friends, who desired to carry him away, and were strong enough to have forced a passage out of Paris if they attempted it.

In the evening of the same day the queen-mother, Catharine de Medicis, held a cabinet council to fix the execution of the massacre of the Protestants, which had long been meditated. The persons of whom this council was composed were Henry, Duke of Anjou; the king's mother; Gonzagua, Duke of Nevers; Henry of Angoulême, Grand Prior of France; the bastard brother of the king; Marshal de Tarannes; and Albert de Gondi, Count de Retz; and the direction of the whole was entrusted to the Duke of Guise, to whom the administration had during the former reign been entirely confided. The guards were appointed to be in arms, and the city officers were ordered to predispose the militia to execute the king's orders, of which the signal was to be the ringing of a bell near the Louvre. It is said indeed that when the fatal hour, which was that of midnight, approached, the king grew undetermined, and expressed great horror at the idea of shedding so much blood, especially considering that the people about to be destroyed were his subjects, who had come to the capital at his command, and in dependence on his word, and particularly the admiral, whom he had so lately detained by his caresses. The queen-mother, however, reproached him with cowardice, and representing to him the danger which he incurred from the Protestants, at last induced him to consent. According to others, the king himself urged on the massacre, and when it was proposed to him only to take off a few of the leaders, exclaimed "If any are to die, let there not be one left to reproach me with breach of faith."

As soon as the signal had been given, a body of Swiss troops, headed by the Duke of Guise and the Chevalier de Angoulême, accompanied by many persons of quality, attacked the admiral's house, and having forced open the doors, the foremost of the assassins rushed into the apartment. One of them asked if he was Coligni; to which he answered that he was, adding "Young man, respect these gray

hairs." The assassin replied by running him through the body with a sword. The Duke of Guise and the Chevalier growing impatient below stairs, loudly demanded if the business was done, and being answered in the affirmative, commanded the body to be thrown out at the window. As soon as it fell on the ground, the Chevalier, or, as some say, the Duke of Guise, wiped the blood from the face, and kicked it with his foot. The body was then abandoned to the fury of the populace, who, after a series of indignities, dragged it to the common gallows, to which they chained it by the foot, whilst the head, being cut off, was carried to the queen-mother, who, it is said, caused it to be embalmed and transmitted to Rome. The king himself went to see the body hanging upon the gibbet, where a fire being kindled under it, part was burned, and the rest scorched. In the Louvre, the gentlemen belonging to the King of Navarre and the Prince of Condé were murdered under the king's own eye. Two of them, wounded and pursued by the assassins, fled into the bedchamber of the Queen of Navarre, and jumped upon her bed, beseeching her to save their lives; and as she proceeded to solicit this favor of the queen-mother, two more, under the same circumstances, rushed into the room, and threw themselves at her feet. The queen-mother repaired to the window to enjoy these dreadful scenes; and the king, seeing the Protestants who lodged on the other side of the river, flying for their lives, called for his long gun, and fired upon them. In the space of three or four days many thousands were destroyed in the city of Paris alone. Peter Ramus, professor of philosophy and mathematics, after being robbed of all he had, was cruelly mutilated in the abdomen, and thrown from a window. During the first two days the king denied that the massacre was done by his orders, and threw the whole blame upon the House of Guise; but on the 28th of August he went to the parliament, avowed the incomparable atrocity, was complimented on it, and directed a process against the admiral, by which he was stigmatized as a traitor. Two innocent gentlemen suffered as his accomplices in a pretended plot against the life of the king, in order, as was alleged, to place the crown on the head of the Prince of Condé. They were executed by torchlight, and the king and the queen-mother, together with the King of Navarre and the Prince of Condé, who were forced to be present, were spectators of the horrid deed. Nor was the massacre confined to the city of Paris alone. On the eve of St. Bartholomew, orders had been sent to the governors of provinces either to fall upon the Protestants themselves, or to let loose the people on them; and though an edict was published before the end of the week, assuring them of the king's protection, and protesting that he by no means designed to exterminate them on account of their religion, yet private orders were issued of a directly contrary nature, in consequence of which the Matins of Paris were repeated in Meaux, Orleans, Troyes, Angers, Toulouse, Rouen, and Lyons; so that in the space of about two months thirty thousand Protestants were butchered in cold blood. The next year Rochelle, the only fortress which the Protestants occupied in France, was besieged and taken, but not until twenty-four thousand of the besiegers had fallen before its walls. After this a pacification ensued, on terms nominally favorable to the Protestants; but as a body they had been destroyed. St. Bartholomew had completely broken their power; and those who survived the massacre had no alternative but to accept whatever terms were offered them.

This year the Duke of Anjou was elected King of Poland, and soon afterward set out to take possession of his new kingdom. Charles accompanied him to the frontiers; but during the journey he was seized with a slow fever, which from the commencement portended death. He lingered for some time under the most terrible agonies both of mind and body, and at last expired on the 30th of May, 1573. It is said that ever after the massacre of St. Bartholomew this prince had a fierceness in his looks, and a deadly paleness in his cheeks; he slept little, but never soundly, and waked frequently in agonies, which the soft music employed to lull him to repose often failed to allay. The sting of re-

morse was deeply fixed in his soul, and in a little time its poison drank up his spirit.—*Encyclopedia Britannica.*

SCIENTIFIC.

PROF. TICE'S THEORY OF CYCLONES.—In reporting the results of his observations along the track of the tornado which proved so fatally destructive at Marshfield, Mo., Prof. Tice of St. Louis expresses the opinion that all such whirlwinds, so called, are electrical storms, not wind storms There was, he says, no wind attending the Marshfield tornado. Among the evidence of the electrical nature of that storm, he notes the fact that it destroyed every building which had a tin roof, or which had any metal of any kind in its roof. In Marshfield, it passed directly over several buildings with shingle roofs, and tore to fragments others, not more exposed, which had metal roofs. A mill, situated over a quarter of a mile away from the centre of the cyclone, had its iron chimney torn out and carried a long distance, while the mill itself suffered very little damage. The cupola of the public school building at Marshfield, which had a tin roof, was wrecked, but the building, which was roofed with shingles, was not injured to any extent.

Even more conclusive and remarkable, he thinks, were the phenomena manifested in connection with trees and shrubbery. The bark was stripped from the trees and bushes, not alone on those sides exposed to the force of the cyclone, but on all sides. The ends of the branches were not only denuded of their leaves and bark, but were rifted into fine fibres, so that they presented the appearance of little brooms. The active agent in such cases, he insists, was not wind, but electricity. Under its influence the sap under the bark was instantly converted into vapor or gas, expanding two thousand times in volume, and as by an explosion, threw off the bark, shattered the trunk, and split the green twigs into fibres. That this is what took place is, he says, conclusively proved "by the fact that the dead and dry limbs and twigs were not affected, and though in immediate contact with green ones, remained intact."

General evidence of the electrical character of all tornadoes is found by Prof. Tice in the circumstance that, as a rule, they follow railroads and watercourses, and either begin or expend their greatest energy on them. This, however, may be only a matter of topography. Rivers and railways usually follow the easiest grades, and these would naturally be followed by wind rushes taking the same general direction. It is a noticeable fact, all the same, that the cyclone which destroyed Marshfield followed the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad for a distance of 145 miles, and lapped up all the water in the ponds and rivers in its course from where it commenced in Arkansas to where it terminated in Missouri.—*Scientific American.*

AN offer has been made to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, which its friends cannot be too prompt in enabling it to accept. It is proposed to furnish the Museum not only with a complete set of casts from all the principal collections of sculpture in the world, but with moulds for casting duplicates, provided sufficient money shall be contributed to pay for the work and material. A little reflection is necessary to enable non-professional persons to comprehend the value of this offer, and the importance of seizing at once an opportunity which can never occur again in so favorable a form. It is well known that the marble antiques which fill the great galleries of Europe are steadily deteriorating under the combined influences of the acid vapors which load the atmosphere of modern cities, and the dusting which is necessary to keep them clean, so that within a year or two the authorities of the British Museum have been compelled to shut up some of their bas-reliefs in glass cases, and to varnish others with silicates, in order to prevent their total ruin. As it is, the casts now made are inferior to the ones taken twenty years ago, and those of twenty years hence will be still worse, so that not a moment should be lost in securing a collection of moulds before the exquisite texture and surface of the original has been further attacked. The completeness of the collection which is now within our reach, gives it also immense value. It must not be forgotten that works of

sculpture are not only examples of art, but historical documents, and that an incomplete collection of casts, however well selected from the artistic point of view, is as useless to history, compared with a more comprehensive one, as would be a selection of manuscripts of the Augustan age alone, compared with the riches of the Vatican Library.—*American Architect and Builder.*

FLEUSS, THE DIVER.—Mr. Fleuss made his first appearance at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, last night, in the large tank built for the whale and used by the seals. His remarkable performance under water was better seen than it has been elsewhere, either during the few months of the exhibition of his apparatus at the Polytechnic or at Brighton. He can stay under water for five hours without an air-tube or any other communication with the surface, and this absence of incumbrance gives him much greater freedom than other divers possess. He can, for instance, lie down and bend his body in any position, without fear of being lifted or floated up, and without suffering from the obstruction of the long pipe which usually connects the head of a diver with a boat above. In short, he possesses the principal advantage which distinguishes an animal from a plant; he moves independently instead of being rooted to one spot. Foreshortened in the water, he presents a curious appearance, with great goggle eyes in his burnished helmet, a strong water-tight dress, and water-boots. The spectators amuse themselves by throwing pence for him to pick up, or by writing messages to him on cardboard, which he reads, and answers on cardboard, always under water. He sharpens his pencil under water, gives and receives signals with a cord, and is to experiment on the submarine use of the telephone. At Ryde he walked for a quarter of a mile under the sea; at Brighton he went down in five fathoms by the chain pier in rough weather. If he could eat under water, Mr. Fleuss says he could stay for a longer period than the five hours which he gives as the ordinary limit. Yesterday afternoon he remained two hours and seven minutes under water in the Aquarium, and again went down for half an hour in the evening. In a short lecture on his apparatus, which Mr. Fleuss gave in the evening immediately on returning to the upper air, he stated that his method is no secret, that it is patented, and that the specifications are accordingly published. In every draught of breath we draw we take in a certain amount of oxygen with four times as much nitrogen. A little of the oxygen becomes fixed in the form of carbonic acid, and the air thus deteriorated becomes unfit to breathe. If, however, the place of the missing oxygen is taken by a fresh supply, the mixture becomes again fit for breathing. According to Mr. Fleuss, he takes down compressed oxygen to supply the place of that which is breathed; in other words, he has invented a set of anti-lungs, which perform a function precisely the reverse of that of the lungs proper. He states that he has gone through fire-damp (carburetted hydrogen) and choke-damp (carbonic acid), and could exist in the charged receiver of a gas factory. In the great helmet and in the hollows of his armor there is room for a certain quantity of air, and this is kept fresh and constantly renewed by a stream of oxygen, the pressure of which he regulates by a tap, at will. To refresh himself, he increases the flow of oxygen; and when he requires no stimulus, diminishes it. Mr. Fleuss is a young and vigorous man, who has served in the steamboats of the Peninsular and Oriental Company. His apparatus is certainly very ingenious and effective, and well worthy of attention.—*London Times.*

[From Harper's Magazine.]

BOAT SONG.

Ho! brave little boat,
In the harbor afloat,
Spread out your white wings to the sunshiny weather!
The wind we love best
Blows out of the west.
We'll sail o'er the bonny blue water together.

Like jewels of light,
The spray flashes bright;
The waves to the sweet Summer breezes are calling.
Glide on till the day
Dies softly away,
And fold your white wings when the twilight is falling.

[Written for The Church Monthly Magazine.]

BY THE WAY-SIDE.

The fields are white with daisies,
And on either side of the way
The grass grows tall and graceful,
'Twixt the brier-rose and the bay.

The thrush sings loud in the tree tops,
And the robin chirps out "more wet,"
From under the tangled grasses
Comes a voice that is louder yet—

"Bob White!" "Bob White!" 'tis calling,
In a tone so shrill and clear,
That the hills send back the echo
Till we hear it from far and near.

But Bob White never answers,
He never comes at the call,
And though I've looked for him often,
I have never seen him at all.

MARTIN *VS.* MACKONOCHIE.

We could hardly give our readers a better account of this celebrated case than that contained in the following brief and candid summary from the *Southern Churchman:*

Few ecclesiastical names have been so familiar to our Church people as *Martin* vs. *Mackonochie.* A brief history of them will not be without interest.

Not far from Brooke street, London, in an unsavory neighborhood of that large city, stands St. Alban's church, and built on to the church is the clergy house, in which dwells, among others, Mr. Mackonochie. It was in 1862 that he took charge of this church, under circumstances of great interest. "I have done two things in my life," said Canon Butler of Wantage; "I have helped to get Liddon to St. Paul's, and Mackonochie to St. Alban's." Coming to this church at the time when Tractarianism was giving way to what is now known as Ritualism, he seems almost from the first to have set himself to work for the good of the low neighborhood in which his church was located, and by many and various ritualistic practices to induce people to come to church. That he has succeeded in doing great good, no one will deny; that he is an earnest Christian man, no one doubts; but his ritualistic practices were all novelties, of which no one had so much as heard since the Church had become reformed. Things progressed until Protestant mobs surrounded the church with the cry of "No popery." At last, in 1868, or about six years after Mr. Mackonochie got possession of St. Alban's, suit was brought in the ecclesiastical courts by Mr. Martin, a parishioner, in which Mr. Mackonochie was adjudged guilty of violation of the laws ecclesiastical in some points, and not in others, and from which an appeal was taken from the Arches Court to that of the Privy Council, which decided against Mr. Mackonochie, and condemned him to pay costs. As Mr. Mackonochie refused to obey the decisions of the courts, other suits were brought; one instituted by letters from his bishop, the last one before the recently created ecclesiastical judge, Penzance, who sentenced him to be suspended from his office and benefice. An appeal was taken from this, and the High Court of Justice decided in Mr. Mackonochie's favor, viz: that Lord Penzance had no right to suspend on the ground assumed. An appeal was taken from the High Court of Justice, and decided against it; whereupon Lord Penzance proceeded to pass sentence of suspension, to which Mr. Mackonochie paid no attention. Then Mr. Martin, not wishing to have the law carried out, which would have put Mr. Mackonochie in jail, instituted a new suit in Lord Penzance's court, by which he would have been deprived; but the new suit miscarried, and Mr. Martin was subjected to the severe rebuke of Lord Penzance for not proceeding to have Mr. Mackonochie imprisoned. Whereupon Mr. Martin has written a letter to the Bishop of London, dated June 14, 1880, in which he withdraws from all further proceedings. The lettter being of interest, we give it in full:

"My Lord—I lose no time in informing your lordship that it is not my intention to appeal against the judgment of the Dean of Arches in my suit against the Rev. Mr. Mackonochie. It is due to the Christian friends with whom I have been associated in this matter, to state publicly that I did not leave them free to act on their own opinion as to enforcing submission by imprisonment to the judgments of the court in the former suit, but positively refused to allow my name to be used in any measures which might have had that end in view. In my own defence I can only say that when proceedings were originally taken, it was understood that their object was simply to ascertain authoritatively the law of the Church on certain points, which, when ascertained, would be acquiesced in on both sides, and obeyed. It never occurred to me, nor, I suppose, to any one else, that the judgments of the courts of law would be set at defiance, and that obedience could only be enforced by imprisonment. Had such a result been foreseen, I should not have allowed my name to be used as the promoter. In submitting to the severe rebuke of the Dean of Arches for not proceeding

to imprison the Rev. Mr. Mackonochie, it is some consolation to me to know that the course I have taken has been in accordance with the views of your lordship, and of many of those who hold positions of high authority in the Church of England."

Thus for twelve years Mr. Mackonochie has been in litigations many. He has defied the law, and yet he has benefited one of the very worst dens of London, as the London *World* of June 23d writes:

"Mr. Mackonochie relates with some glee the story of a visitor to St. Alban's, who, on turning down Brooke street, was accosted by a policeman. 'Do you know, sir,' said the guardian of the public peace, 'where you are going?' The visitor thought he did. 'O very well, sir; if you know, of course it's all right; but you are going to the worst den of thieves in all London!' As a matter of fact the former site of the church was a horrible bed of iniquity, and the font now stands where was formerly a notorious thieves' kitchen. The change from all this is marvellous. Besides day schools of high repute, costing many hundreds of pounds every year, there are Sunday-schools, reading-rooms, and the numberless guilds and societies that one would expect to find in a well-worked parish. But the great feature of the district is the number of secular charities for the civilizing of the people and the benefit of the poor. For the people of this parish are the poorest of the poor, and need help quite as much for their bodies as for their souls. There is nothing strictly ritualistic in the infant nursery, the soup-kitchen, the dinners for the sick, the sick relief, the winter-blanket loan, the lying-in charity, the clothing fund, breakfasts for destitute boys, and a savings bank; but there are all these, and besides them, a self-supporting society for needlework, where every kind of linen article is made well, and at reasonable prices.

"It is a characteristic of Mr. Mackonochie, that although he takes a minute interest in these things, and is of course the centre of all the works, he never speaks as if he had any part or lot in them. He will tell you how A does this, and B sees after that, while the Sisters manage the other, but of his own relationship to the whole he seems genuinely unconscious. To say that Mr. Mackonochie is popular with the poor with whom he lives, is not to use the right word. It is not so much admiration or reverence that they feel for him as personal affection. Genuineness is a characteristic which the English poor are not slow to appreciate, and Mr. Mackonochie's parishioners know that he is among them in order to do his duty by them thoroughly and conscientiously, and they feel that they can rely upon it being done. The other day there was a great fire in the parish, and numbers of the poor were either burned out or drowned out of their wretched homes. For weeks afterward it was under the shadow of St. Alban's that rigid dissenters, Church people, and Roman Catholics alike were fed and sheltered. The poor little maid-of-all-work in any lodging-house or small shop, is perfectly well aware that her pastor is as much her servant as that of the wealthiest of his congregation."

All this of course speaks well for him, and no fault could be found if he were a private individual working a private charity of his own. But he is not; he is a minister of a Church of law, to which the highest prelate is as much bound as the humblest curate. To let him alone after every court and his own bishop, and virtually all England, have pronounced against him, would be to permit every man in the Church to preach what he liked, to practice what he liked, and to do as he pleased. There could be no uniformity, no obedience, and under such circumstances every State and Church in Christendom would be broken up. Hence we do not wonder that a late cable despatch informs us that the Bishop of London has taken steps to sequester the living of St. Alban's; the purport of it being to have the cure supplied by another clergyman, as much so as if the present incumbent, Mr. Mackonochie was dead. What will be the issue of this we cannot tell, but shall watch with interest whether the laws ecclesiastical are to be obeyed, or whether every minister of a Church is to be a law to himself.

True happiness (if understood)
Consists alone in doing good.
—*Thomson.*

THE MAN OF ONE TALENT.

[Extract from the Sermon before the recent Convention of Kentucky, by the Rev. G. A. Weeks.]

People are not willing to recognize the importance of the man of one talent.

In the first place the parishes are not willing to do it. The case with most parishes is that they want rectors who are Major Generals. If they find that their rector is not a Major General, and most men are not, then they grow dissatisfied with him. It is perfectly absurd that they should do so. It would be just as reasonable to ask for Major Generals all through the rank and file of an army. I think I know of some parishes in this Diocese and more out of it, which are suffering for this very reason. They say they want first-class men for rectors, not meaning by that, men of good character and spirit and faithfulness and learning, and I stand here as the advocate of no other, but they mean great orators, men who can "draw houses" and "fill pews" and thus pay their own salaries. They prefer to let their fields be vacant and languish into weakness and indifference, rather than accept the services of a man of one talent. And yet it is often the case that a man of one talent is just the man they need, not always so, but often the case. I know that sometimes it requires a better talent to manage a small parish than a large one, but often their parish affords a sphere just big enough for a man from the rank and file. Put a Major General there and he would not stay. The principle of the "survival of the fittest" would remove him if nothing else did. I think I can put my finger on some parishes in which we have an illustration of this. They got a man too big for them.

The fact is there are very few first-class men in any department of life, in any profession or engaged in any kind of business. As I heard Bishop Hopkins once say to a congregation who were complaining of the abilities of their rector, said he, I would like to know how many first-class men there are in the congregation—how many first-class lawyers, how many first-class doctors, how many first-class business men. Why, said he, if I were to give you fifty thousand dollars apiece, you have not got business capacity enough to take care of it; and what he said was true. Most places are ordinary ones, and most congregations are ordinary ones, made up of ordinary men and ordinary women, and it is perfectly preposterous and absurd that they should ask to be served by a ministry possessing anything more than ordinary abil.ties.

But while the parishes do not appreciate the man of one talent, it often happens that the man of one talent does not appreciate himself—his own importance and opportunity.

That was the very fault of the man in the parable—because he had not some commanding position, he thought it not worth while to try to make the most of the position which he had. This is the temptation of the man of one talent, when he is conscious of the fact that he is a man of one talent, to bury the talent he has in the earth.

And yet as I look out upon the world and back upon its history I am amazed at the amount of work the one talented men have done. It is wonderful to see what even sick men have accomplished and men partially disabled. Homer and Ossian and Milton were all blind men. Bunyan wrote his "Pilgrim's Progress" immured in a dungeon. One of the mightiest leaders England ever had was an invalid all his life through. John Calvin wrote his ponderous books of theology with a perpetual headache. It is to be noticed that he had a headache before he began. Robert Hall was an invalid. Richard Baxter was an invalid. John Keble was an invalid, at least in the most useful years of his life. These extraordinary disabilities were enough to put these men very often into the category of men of one talent in some sense. But I speak not of that class of men. I speak of that one who has no shining parts; I mean the plain, plodding man; what we call the average man. I say, I am amazed at the amount of work he has done in the world. He is the one who has done the world's mightiest works. It was he who built the Pyramids, not the

Pharaohs. He built the massive dykes of Holland. He built the railroads and bridges and cities. The men who work for one or two dollars per day; the spadesmen, and masons, and plasterers, and carpenters.

And it is he who built the Church for the most part. The great mass of the work which is done in the Church is done by ordinary men and women working in the rank and file: ordinary men in the congregations, ordinary men in the ministry. This is the kind of men we need. And therefore I say we do not need a great many major-generals, but a great many men and women in the rank and file. It is time for a better appreciation of the value of this kind of work. Nor am I alone in saying this. Says Phillips Brooks: If the world is to make any progress, the value of ordinary work must be better appreciated. If the world is to grow better and richer in future, it is not to be done by the magnificent achievements of the highly gifted few, but by the patient faithfulness of the one-talented many. It would seem as if the heroes had done almost all they could, and the time has now come when common men must wake up and take their "common tasks."

And my brethren, it lends great difficulty to this problem, that men are so unwilling to accept the fact that this is the kind of work that they are called upon to do, and that their capacity is such that this is the kind of work that they are fitted to do. It is not agreeable to human pride to accept the fact that one is a private in the army and not a major-general; but it is a lesson which most men are compelled to learn, and this, I think, will account at least in some degree for the unpleasant spectacle, so common in these days, of the unseemly strife for every desirable parish as soon as it becomes vacant—scores of men making their applications for it with all the rivalry of political intrigue.

My brethren, I tell you it is of first-class importance that the man of one talent—and that means most men—should understand the full measure of his own ability, the full meaning of those words of his Catechism "That he is to do his duty in that state of life to which God has called him." He is to work patiently in the field in which he is placed, till God calls him to another field. It must be with him as Bishop Williams said it was with one of his clergy who recently died, "that it mattered not so much to him *where* he was as *what* he was"; and that "what" is just as big a word and means just as much when applied to a small man as to a great one, and let men strive and scramble ever so much for what they call the desirable parishes, the fact remains that the greater amount of work is to be done in parishes which are not considered desirable. The fact remains that with all the restlessness of men, the majority of the clergy must continue to go in and out without any one seeing them. Day by day, unknown, they must continue to work, undermining the citadels of sin. Many of them may not be very brilliant men. They are the men of one talent. They make up the rank and file, but they do the work. And I tell you, take what they do and mass it into one, and it will outweigh a thousand times over the work of all the major-generals put together.

[From the Kalendar]

A ROMISH HISTORICAL FALSIFIER.

In the course of an address, lately delivered by the Rev. Patrick Cronin, at the reopening of a Roman church in Rochester, the orator declared that for any one "to make people believe that this was a Protestant country, was to falsify history." Also, that the colony of "Maryland first proclaimed the great doctrine of religious freedom," and, wonderful to relate, "protected Protestants in the exercise of their religion," and lastly he emphasized the fact that the archbishop and barons who "wrung" from King John the great charter were Romanists, subject to the supremacy of the Pope, and therefore, as he would have his hearers infer, the common law of England is of Papal origin. This address has appeared in some of the secular papers, and in the Catholic Union, of which paper the Rev. Patrick Cronin is manager and editor.

Behold then the frank candor of this ingenuous priest. Columbus lived in Italy and Spain before the Ref-

ormation. How strange that the discoverer of this land was a Romanist!

A few Franciscans and Jesuits roamed through the St. Lawrence and Mississippi valleys, while the French occupied those parts. They vanished, and five generations of Protestant Anglo-Saxons settled, developed and founded the institutions of the land, prized even by Romanists when educated under surrounding Protestant influence. Especially I may mention among institutions the Protestant family, the home and household, a veritable *terra incognita* to the Romish *paysan* priest. Today these Protestants constitute seven-eighths of the population. Is it possible then, that when we call our country Protestant, as not being Romanist, we speak falsely?

Lord Baltimore came to Maryland under a grant obtained from the British crown. He derived his authority and right from King Charles I, a member of the Church of England. The British crown possessed the sovereignty of that portion of this continent in which the Baltimore settlements were made. The grant from King Charles professes "a laudable zeal for extending the Christian religion," and grants free toleration to "all who profess to believe in Jesus Christ." And Lord Baltimore simply performed his agreement and the condition upon which he obtained the charter for his colony when he granted free religious toleration. May be Charles would even sooner have lost his head, and the Stuart dynasty come to an end, had he been influenced to curtail the religious principles of the colonial grants. It is true that after the Rebellion and in 1640 so many independents came into the colony that they gained the ascendancy for a time and proscribed "Popery and Prelacy," but by the year 1688, when William and Mary came to the throne, the mass of the population of Maryland had become Protestant, *i. e.*, of the Church of England, and in 1692, as Hawks says, the proportion was thirty to one, and in that year the second act of the First Legislative Assembly of Maryland was "for the service of Almighty God and the establishment of the Protestant religion in the Province." "It is not credible," says Dr. Hawks, "that any very serious opposition was made to the change; for tradition would at least have preserved some memory of the change."

It appears then that it was not Roman Catholic Maryland, but the Protestant King of England, acting through his agent, that proclaimed the Anglo-Saxon American doctrine of religious freedom.

And, finally, as to Magna Charta, no doubt it would not have suited our preacher's purpose to have stated that Pope Innocent III. suspended Archbishop Langton for the part he took in the extorting from King John the signature of the great charter, in the first article of which it is declared that "the Church of England shall be free and shall have her rights entire and her liberties uninjured." John, by resigning his crown into the hands of the Pope, to receive it back as a gift, had made himself a vassal of the Pope. Doubtless he thought when he signed the charter, it would be invalid without his suzerain's consent. On hearing of the meeting at Runnymede, Innocent was filled with indignation against the barons, and *issued a bull by which he condemned and annulled the charter, released all men from their obligations to observe it, and severely censured the English primate.* Langton was on the point of setting out for the Third Lateran Council when he received notice that he was suspended by the Pope's command. The archbishop nevertheless proceeded to the council. At that assembly the Pope declared unreservedly for the king, against whose opponents excommunication was denounced. Langton was severely censured for having taken part with the barons, and for having disregarded the notice of suspension, and the election of his brother to York was disallowed in favor of the king's nominee. And thus we see that one of the great objects of obtaining the charter was to prevent the English crown becoming a fief of the Pope, and to maintain the Church of England forever free from Papal supremacy, and therefore truly Catholic, while the principles of English liberty which we inherit are and ever have been Protestant, as against the Bishop of Rome and his unfounded claim of universal supremacy. S.

Editor's Portfolio.

We have given in another place an account of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, taken from the Encyclopedia Britannica. The event was one of the blackest of the many stains upon the Roman Church. As time passes on and Romanists find that the event is not one to be gloried in, attempts are at various times made to modify the impression created by the record, and relieve the Church from the responsibility. But there is no evading the force of the facts in the case. The bloody plan devised for the extermination of the Protestants of France was with the full sanction of the ecclesiastics of that time and country. When the deed had been consummated, the messenger who bore the news to the court of Rome was greeted with joy and received a thousand pieces of gold. Cannons were fired, bells were rung, processions were ordered, and a *Te Deum* was sung. A gold medal was struck in commemoration of the event, and the Pope pronounced Charles IX. and Catharine as the special favorites of God. Spain and the Netherlands also held rejoicings at the news, and Philip II. wrote to Catharine "These tidings are the greatest and most glorious I could have received."

Man takes nature for his teacher. In the construction of vessels, for example, the outlines of the fish have furnished the naval architect his model, and very great length, with the most perfect fineness and proportion of perpendicular lines, have been the rule. There is, however, now under construction for the Czar of Russia, a vessel totally different from all former models. It amounts to a revolution in naval architecture, and promises to combine great speed with enormous breadth of beam. Its length is 260 and breadth 150 feet. Should the experiment be successful, the boat will be as steady upon the waters as any vessel can be. But in this case, as in former structures, man has learned his lesson from nature. The fish is his model still; but this time it is the flatfish.

Some of the older Churchmen will remember when kneeling as the posture for prayer was the rare exception among the denominations, and when among Presbyterians and Congregationalists *standing* was universal. But on this, as on other points, when the heat of controversy has passed, and men act without the aid of partisanship or prejudice, common-sense asserts itself. The following is from an essay in the *New York Evangelist*, headed "Kneeling in Prayer Aids Devotion":

Recently, in the large dining-hall of a ladies' seminary, after the evening meal, came evening worship. The singing and reading of Scripture having passed, all knelt down together to join in prayer—hundreds of ladies and a few men. It was an impressive thought that so many knelt before God in worship. One of those present had, a day or two previous, at a large meeting of an association of ministers, joined in the closing service of prayer, where all knelt together, alike the young men and the men of venerable years. A few of them were distinguished in State and nation, but they were all one as bowed down before God. The two occasions forcibly brought to mind the words of the Psalmist: "O come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord our Maker."

Then were recalled the difficulties of a minister with some awakened and convicted persons, in getting them to kneel down with him in prayer. They have never been accustomed to it, and now to kneel has meaning. Parents and children are in the same room; they have never

yet knelt down together in worship. If now they will do it, the act will assist in their commencing the service of Christ. On the other hand, how many persons not Christians, and Christians wandering from their Saviour, have sometimes felt when in the posture of kneeling for prayer, that their heads were lower than their hearts. Yet the kneeling of the person seemed almost to pull the spirit down. It was at least the body's requisition upon the spirit to bow before God.

Here, plainly, is a law; the actions of the body tend to control the passions or emotions of the mind. Parents teach their children the acts of reverence toward their seniors, and of politeness to all, in order to produce reverence and politeness of spirit. The outward courtesies of life, unless perverted by hypocrisy, are constantly breeding the inward courtesy of mind. Action awakens thought; thought awakens emotion, and often it awakens appetite. Who has not felt thirst for water because he saw another drinking it? That bright array of shining decanters in saloons is on purpose to whet appetite for the intoxicating cup. And those bottles serve their purpose well.

Like many other laws, this one of the relation of the body to the mind may be used for both good and evil. While a reverent posture tends to true worship, an irreverent one in time of worship tends to hardness of heart.

The centenary of Robert Raikes, the reputed founder of Sunday-schools, has been celebrated. There can be no question that there were Sunday-schools before Robert Raikes. But so also it is said there was a steamboat before Fulton. Still, as that gentleman made the steamboat a practical thing, and was in fact the author of steam navigation, so Robert Raikes actually organized, systematized, and made practicable the Sunday-school, and to him should be given the credit. They were isolated and individual efforts that preceded him. But even then, his claim is not entirely undisputed, even in Gloucester, where he lived. A Gloucester correspondent of the London *Times* thus states the case:

Local research has brought to light an account, in Raikes' own words, of the circumstances in which his Sunday-school scheme first suggested itself to his mind. A woman with whom he entered into conversation one day, happened to say to him "Ah sir, could you take a view of this part of the town on a Sunday, you would be shocked indeed, for then the street is filled with multitudes of wretched children, who, released that day from employment, spend their time in noise and riot, playing at 'chuck,' and cursing and swearing in a manner so horrid as to convey to any serious mind an idea of hell rather than any other place. We have a worthy clergyman," this woman went on to say, "curate of our parish, who has put some of them to school, but upon the Sabbath they are all given up to follow their own inclinations without restraint." "This conversation," said Raikes, in a private letter written some time afterwards, "suggested to me that it would be at least a harmless attempt, if it were productive of no good, should some little plan be formed to check the deplorable profanation of the Sabbath. I then inquired of the woman if there were any decent, well-disposed women in the neighborhood who kept schools for teaching to read. I presently was directed to four. To these I applied, and made an agreement with them to receive as many children as I should send upon the Sunday, whom they were to instruct in reading and in the Church Catechism. For this I engaged to pay them each a shilling for their day's employment. The women seemed pleased with the proposal. I then waited upon the clergyman before mentioned and imparted to him my plan. He was so much satisfied with the idea that he engaged to lend his assistance by going round to the schools on a Sunday afternoon to examine the progress that was made, and to enforce order and decorum among such a set of little heathens."

The clergyman referred to was Stock. This statement by Raikes seems tolerably conclusive as to his being the originator of the Sunday-school

scheme, but the Stockites have also something to show in their favor in the shape of a statement by Stock. This is in the following terms:

"Mr. Raikes, meeting me one day by accident at my door, and in the course of the conversation lamenting the deplorable state of the lower classes of mankind, took particular notice of the situation of the poorer children. I had made, I replied, the same observation, and told him if he would accompany me into my own parish we would make some attempt to remedy the evil. We immediately proceeded to the business, and procuring the names of about ninety children, placed them under the care of four persons for a stated number of hours on the Sunday. As minister of the parish I took upon me the principal superintendence of the schools and one-third of the expense."

Whichever of the two men first conceived the idea of Sunday-schools with regular teachers—and the great balance of authority leans to the side of Raikes, who was always spoken of by his contemporaries as its originator—it was undoubtedly Raikes who pushed it forward and made it known throughout the country. This, from his position as editor of the *Gloucester Journal*, one of the few newspapers published at that day, he had special facilities for doing; he was, moreover, a man of some substance, and could afford to spend money on his scheme, which Stock was hardly in a position to do. The movement in any case, spread rapidly over the whole country, extending in the course of a few years as far as Scotland and Ireland, and although originating with Churchmen, as both Raikes and Stock were, was cordially joined in by Dissenters.

Not without reason the Press is commenting in no favorable terms upon the following advertisement, which appears in the Quebec *Morning Chronicle:*

"The Lottery for the Rimouski Seminary will be held on the 10th of August next and following days. Tickets $1 each. Two hundred and fifty prizes—lots of ground, horse, carriage, banners, Way of the Cross, silver-plated vases, bouquets, albums, illustrated volumes, silver watch, model of a schooner, pair of wheels, framed chromos, etc. *Six hundred Masses for the Living and the Dead will be at the disposal of holders of tickets.* Address the secretary of the Bishop of Rimouski.

"June 16th, 1880."

The steamship *Dessoug* has brought to our city the famous Alexandrine obelisk, or "Cleopatra's Needle," which is to be placed in Central Park, where in a few years it will tell us what effect our Northern frosts and changeable climate will have upon it. It is 69 feet 6 inches long, 5 feet 5¾ inches square at the top, and 7 feet 8 inches square at the base. Its weight is 196 tons. The following description we copy from one of the daily papers:

The Alexandrian obelisk is about 3,500 years old, having been set up in Hellopolis by Thothmes III., at least 1,600 years before Christ. It is an entire shaft of granite, covered with hieroglyphics descriptive of the power of Thothmes. The inscriptions on the side which has for nineteen centuries faced the Mediterranean Sea, have been partly destroyed, but the other sides are considered to be perfect, and have been deciphered by many scholars, including Champollion and Kircher. The pyramidion on the first side contains a carving of Thothmes represented as a sphinx seated on a pilon or pedestal. In both hands he holds a jar of wine, and the inscription on the pedestal calls him "the powerful bull, crowned on the city of Western Thebes, the Son of the Sun, Tahutimes" (Thothmes). The monarch is represented as making a gift of wine. Before him is the god Ra Helios, or the Sun, hawk-headed, wearing a disk, seated on his throne, and holding a dog-headed sceptre in his right hand and an emblem of life in his left. Above their heads are the words "Haremakhu, Harmachis, a form of Horus, or the sun on the horizon, the great God, Lord of the heaven," which is followed by the words "The Harmachis gives all life to the good god, the Lord of the two countries, Menkhepera" (Thothmes III.). Each side of

the obelisk is also decorated with three perpendicular lines of hieroglyphs, the central one on each side being that of Thothmes III., who first set up the obelisk. The side lines to the right and left were added by Ramases II., of the nineteenth dynasty. (Thothmes was of the eighteenth.) The remaining lines, and the lines on the other sides, are full of lofty references to the "powerful bull," the "golden hawk," "Ra," "Remessu," and Thothmes III., which may be very interesting and important to the student, but are very monotonous to the general readers. On the metal-crabs found on the base of the obelisk when excavating in June, 1877, are inscriptions in Greek and Latin, setting forth that the monument was erected in the reign of Augustus Cæsar, by the architect Pontius. This is taken as proof that the obelisk was set up in the reign of Augustus, and not of Tiberius.

Dr. Tanner's long fast is the sensation of the day, and no wonder. Man is imitative, and it is seldom that a person does anything extraordinary without being followed by a host of those who seek to equal if not outdo him. We question very much, however, whether Dr. Tanner will have many followers in his forty-days self-infliction. But two or three thoughts arise, in case his experiment should be successful, reaching the prescribed limit, and being followed by no serious consequences. The forty days' fast of Moses and Elijah have always been regarded as miraculous. But if that period can be reached now without miracle, it might have been done then. Again, when in response to the call of the Church to observe the Lenten fast, while nobody has attempted "to reach Christ's fortieth day," or is likely to make the trial, yet there is no doubt an underestimate of endurance in this particular, as would be apparent even had Dr. Tanner reached but half the time specified without injurious consequences. But we trust that no one will draw too large a conclusion from the experiment, and endeavor to do more than his condition will warrant. Age, health, constitution, employment have much to do with individual capabilities; still, a little more of rough dealing with the flesh and keeping the body in subjection would improve our personal religion no doubt. Dr. Tanner at least teaches us the power of the human will.

The *London News* commenting on the expulsion of the Jesuits from France, gives an outline sketch of the history of former expulsions:

Loyola formed the brotherhood in 1534, and it was constituted a religious order by a Papal bull in 1540. Hardly sixty years had passed away before the proclamation of James of England was issued against the Jesuits. Little more than fifty years after the foundation of the order, the Jesuits were expelled from France for the first time. They were recalled a few years after. They were expelled again in 1764. Since that time they may be said to have only returned to France and lived there on sufferance. They were expelled from Portugal, and expelled under circumstances of singular harshness and cruelty, in 1759. It was not, however, only sovereigns like those of France and Spain and Portugal, who dealt harshly with the Jesuits. Pope Clement XIV., in 1773, issued a decree suppressing the whole order, and this he did mainly at the instigation of the Catholic princes of Europe. During one season of the existence of the Jesuits there was no place on the Continent where they could find shelter except Protestant Prussia and worse than heretical Russia. Russia herself very soon followed the example of more orthodox powers, and expelled the Jesuits in 1817. Meanwhile the great European revolution and reaction were going on. The French monarchy had fallen, and French republicanism exploded rather than spread over Europe. The republic went, as Carlyle says of Danton, its own wild road whither that led it. Its road led it into strange extremes of thought and passion, and belief and unbelief, and after awhile the reaction set in, and

the Church of Rome began to resume her power. Then it was that Pius VII. reëstablished the Order of Jesuits. . . . It would be impossible for reasonable human beings to believe that there could be a society entirely good in itself and in its purposes, which yet never failed to get into misunderstandings with the ruling powers of every country in which it found itself settled. To them their order is more than their country. It may be that in some instances the Jesuits were the victims of the jealousy and the stupidity of some of the rulers who declared against them. The one historical fact remains, that they did always, sooner or later, come into collision with every power under whose protection they lived.

When swindlers are so plenty and so shrewd it is not surprising that our clergy should occasionally be victimized. About as remarkable a case as any we have read of is that of which the Rev. Dr. Benedict of St. Paul's church, Cleveland, Ohio, was recently made the victim. A young man giving the name of Thomas Jones, and claiming to be from Oxford, England, an ordained clergyman of the Church, came to him, saying that he was preparing to visit a friend near Cincinnati, and exhibiting his proofs of ministerial standing, was invited to preach in the doctor's church on the following Sunday. This he did twice, giving entire satisfaction, and pleasing both pastor and people. On Monday morning he remarked to Dr. Benedict that he wanted to get a check cashed at the bank and must hunt up his friend to identify him. The doctor replied that that was unnecessary, and proposed to indorse the check, which offer was, with some hesitation, accepted. The check, which was for a considerable sum, was indorsed and cashed. The young divine disappeared, and now the check comes back to the Rev. Dr. Benedict as worthless, and the congregation is astir over the recollections of the day they "sat under" the ministerial teachings of a most accomplished forger.

On the 1st of June the four hundredth anniversary of the Holy Inquisition was celebrated in Spain. The London *Telegraph*, commenting thereon, gives the following scrap of history: "On the 1st of June, 1480, the Spanish Cortes, then assembled at Toledo, adopted a proposition, submitted to it by Cardinal Pedro Gonzales de Mendoza with the approbation of King Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholic, to constitute a Tribunal of Faith, which should be empowered to punish heretics, and passed a law to that effect by a majority of their numbers. Their co-regnant majesties forthwith appointed two chief inquisitors, who were, however, superceded shortly afterward by reason of their reprehensible leniency toward unbelievers subjected to their authority. Thomas de Torquemada, who never laid himself open to the reproach of over-mercifulness, was nominated Grand Inquisitor in their stead. During this indefatigable functionary's tenure of office he performed the remarkable and—from his point of view—highly satisfactory feat of burning 8,800 heretics in different parts of Spain. His successors did their best to emulate his fervent activity, the gross result of their endeavors being that, down to the year 1808, when the Holy Office was finally abolished in the Iberian peninsula, 31,912 men and women had been burned alive by the officers of the Spanish Inquisition.

CHURCH NEWS.

LONG ISLAND.—The funeral of the late Rev. J. W. Diller, D.D., took place in St. Luke's church, on Friday, July 2d. Holy Communion was administered in accordance with the request of the deceased. The terrible circumstances of his death by burning on the Sewanhaka, have aroused the sympathy of the clergy and laity throughout the entire island. No clergyman was more generally known or more highly

esteemed. In his ministry in St. Luke's for forty years he had gathered into the Church many who are now scattered throughout the island. Hundreds of these were present at the service, as were also the Bishop and a large number of the clergy. The Rev. Dr. Drowne read a minute, which had previously been prepared by the clergy present. The remains were taken to Mount Olivet Cemetery.——Emmanuel church, Islip, was consecrated on Wednesday, June 23d.——The Church of the Resurrection, Richmond Hill, having received a legacy of $1,000 from the late Mr. Nichols of Jamaica, the floating debt of the parish has been paid off, and the church building painted and beautifully decorated.

ALBANY.—July 21st, in Christ church, Rouse's Point, the Bishop confirmed eight persons; July 22, in St. Mark's church, West Bangor, seven; and ordained the Rev. Norman H. Burnham to the priesthood.

WESTERN NEW YORK.—On Sunday, July 25th, in Lancaster, Bishop Coxe confirmed one person, and on Tuesday, the 27th, in St. Mark's church, Tonawanda, ten.——Trinity church, Geneva, is closed for extensive alterations and repairs.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Edward A. Rand, formerly a Congregational minister, has recently been admitted to the Diaconate by Bishop Paddock.——A retreat of the clergy was recently held in Newport.

RHODE ISLAND.—On Sunday, July 11th, in the Church of the Ascension, Wakefield, eleven persons were confirmed.

CONNECTICUT.—The annual meeting of the Society for the Increase of the Ministry was held at Christ church, Hartford, on Tuesday, June 29th. Seventy-three students from thirty-one dioceses have received aid during the year.——In Christ church, Guilford, on Sunday, July 11th, the Rev. Dr. Bennett, who on that day completed the fortieth year of his rectorship, preached his farewell sermon.——July 8th, Bishop Williams consecrated the Church of the Holy Advent, Clinton.——July 7th, Jesse Brush, formerly a Congregational minister, was ordained deacon in St. John's church, Stamford. In the evening a memorial service was held in St. Paul's church, Norwalk, it being the anniversary of the death of the Rev. Dr. Mead. A memorial lectern was presented by the ladies of the parish.——July 18th, confirmed 5 in Trinity, and 17 in Christ church, Westport.

NORTHERN NEW JERSEY.—July 1st, in St. Mary's church, Haledon, the Bishop confirmed twenty-nine persons.

CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.—The cornerstone of Trinity church, Antrim, was laid on Thursday, July 8th.

PITTSBURGH.—The Convention met June 9th, in Trinity church, Pittsburgh. The Bishop, on account of the severe affliction in the death of his son, was absent. Number of persons confirmed, 393; laid two cornerstones; consecrated one church; instituted two rectors. Result of elections: Standing Committee—The Rev. Drs. T. Crompton and W. A. Hitchcock, the Rev. R. J. Coster, Messrs. J. H. Shoenberger, Hill Burgwin, and J. W. Paul. Deputies to the General Convention—The Rev. W. A. Hitchcock, D.D., the Rev. Messrs. R. F. Alsop, Robert Meech, George C. Rafter, Messrs. Hill Burgwin, Malcolm Hay, John H. Shoenberger, W. W. Smith. Provisional Deputies—Rev. Messrs. Boyd Vincent, Richard S. Smith, Henry S. Getz, Rev. Henry Purdon, D.D., Messrs. Josiah King, William Metcalf, Alfred Howell, Hon. Pearson Church.

MARYLAND.—July 4th, in St. John's church, Mount Washington, Bishop Pinkney confirmed five; July 11th, in St. Paul's parish, Prince George county, 27; in Woodville, 14: in St. Peter's church, 41; July, 18th, in St. Peter's parish, Montgomery county, confirmed 20.——The Rev. Dr. Leavitt, late President of Lehigh University, has become President of St. John's College, Annapolis..

WESTERN TEXAS.—On Sunday, July 4th, in St. Mark's Cathedral, San Antonio, Mr. William T. Allen was ordained deacon. In the evening the Bishop confirmed eight persons.

SOUTHERN OHIO.—On Sunday, July 4, the Bishop consecrated the Church of the Holy Trinity, Hartwell.

FOND DU LAC.—James A. McGlone, formerly a Roman Catholic priest, was, after a year's probation, recently admitted to the exercise of the functions of the priesthood in the Protestant Episcopal Church.——The Rev. Charles T. Susan, deacon, was on the 4th of July ordained priest.

MICHIGAN.—The Rev. John W. Prosser, deacon, was on the 4th of July ordained priest in Trinity church, Bay City.

ILLINOIS.—The first meeting of the Federate Council of the three dioceses in the State of Illinois was held on the 29th of June. The Bishop of Quincy presided. A paper was drawn up to be presented to the next General Convention, defining the powers proposed to be exercised. They include an appellate court, the charge of the Church educational and charitable institutions in the State, and the administration of such funds as may be entrusted to it.

SPRINGFIELD.—July 13th, the Bishop laid the cornerstone of Christ church, Carlyle.——July 22d he laid the cornerstone of the church of the Holy Cross, Jerseyville.

NEBRASKA.—July 10th, Bishop Clarkson laid the cornerstone of a new church, and confirmed twelve persons on the following day.

KANSAS.—The annual Convention of the Diocese met in the Cathedral at Topeka, on Wednesday, June 30th. The elections resulted as follows: Standing Committee—The Rev. Drs. C. Reynolds and A. Beatty, the Rev. Messrs. Thomas Burrows and F. O. Osborne, Messrs. J. J. Buck, F. E. Stimpson, A. Todd, and S. W. Stone. Deputies to the General Convention—The Rev. Drs. C. Reynolds and A. Beatty, the Rev. Messrs. W. H. Hickcox and F. O. Osborne, Messrs. J. J. Buck, C. F. Alloth, A. Todd, and F. W. Giles. Alternates—The Rev. Messrs. L. L. Holden, J. Woart, B. Hartley, and T. B. Dooley, Messrs. Blish, Brown, Bothwell, and Prouty.

ENGLAND.—The Rev. C. Ryle, D.D., was consecrated Bishop of Liverpool on the 11th of June.——Mr. Bradlaugh's case was at length decided by his being permitted to affirm instead of taking the oath. But the case may yet come before the courts. Meantime some of the clergy have sent in a protest against the admission into Parliament of a person who has openly denied the existence of God.——Quite an interest has been manifested in Bishop Riley's work in Mexico. A West London Ladies' Association, in aid of this mission, has been formed. —— The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts held its 179th anniversary on the 17th of June. Received during the year £131,174 4s. 11d. There have been employed 593 missionaries and 1,395 catechists.——A meeting was held at Exeter Hall on the 8th of June to protest against the appointment of the Marquis of Ripon, a Roman Catholic, as Viceroy of India.——Père Hyacinthe has been lec-

turing in London on Positive Christianity.——The Roman Catholic bishops in England having claimed the right to exercise jurisdiction over the religions orders, an appeal was made to the Propaganda Fide. The claim was disallowed. An appeal was had to the Pope. The matter is to be laid before the Cardinals.——In the presence of more than a thousand persons the Earl of Shaftesbury unveiled the bronze statue which has been erected to the memory of Robert Raikes in the Charing Cross ornamental gardens of the Victoria Embankment. The statue, which is the work of Mr. Brock, a pupil of Mr. Foley, represents Raikes in the costume of his own day, standing erect, and teaching from a book, which he holds in one hand, while with the other he emphasizes the lesson. The following is the inscription: "Robert Raikes, founder of Sunday-schools, 1780. This statue was erected, under the direction of the Sunday-school Union, by contributions from teachers and scholars of Sunday-schools in Great Britain, July, 1880." The cost of the work was £1,200. About 4,000 Sunday-schools have taken part in the subscription, and the whole amount, with the exception of £200, had been raised before last Saturday. Representatives were present from France, Germany, the United States, and Canada, several of whom, in the course of the proceedings, expressed cordial sympathy with English friends in the work then so satisfactorily completed.——The prosecutions of Mr Mackonochie have cost the Government £797 2s. 2d.

France.—The decrees against the unauthorized religious societies have been enforced in several cases, with some opposition and not a little denunciation. The voice of the people, however, is no doubt with the Government.

Switzerland.—A popular vote taken at Geneva on the question of separation of Church and State, gave 4,000 for and 9,000 against. "This result," says the London *Times*, "is partly due to the attachment of the people of Geneva to their national Protestant Church, so closely identified with the ancient glories of the republic, and partly to a feeling that the suppression of the *Budget des Cultes* would be regarded as a Roman Catholic victory."——On the 4th of July a very severe earthquake was experienced in Switzerland. It was the most severe and widespread which has happened for several years.

Italy. — Permission having been given for the erection of an English Protestant church in the city of Rome, the Cardinal-Vicar Monaco la Valletta has published a strong protest against the act. He says "It is truly deplorable that the Municipality, instead of endeavoring to obstruct the indefatigable efforts with which heresy tries to pervert this people, should facilitate its work, opening for it another shelter in the middle of the city." The *Voce della Verita* speaks of the "great crime of permitting the ministers of error to build churches in a country where the Catholic Apostolic Roman religion is the religion of the State." One cause of complaint on the part of the Cardinal-Vicar is that the ground on which the heretical church is to be erected is a portion of the convent of the barefooted Augustinians. He seems to forget, however, that the ex-convent was turned by Pius IX. into a soldiers' barracks, and afterward used for a police office for several years.

Belgium.—Of all countries in the world, Belgium is the one with which Rome ought to be able to live in peace. But even this is found to be impracticable. There has been a rupture.

The Belgian legation at Rome has been recalled. The bishops and clergy claim the right to control the education of the country. The Pope counsels moderation, but does not restrain them.

Mrs. C. E. Guion, widow of the late Rev. Dr. Thomas T. Guion, died at the residence of her son-in-law, the Rev. Dr. Carey, Saratoga Springs, June 23d, in the 59th year of her age. ——June 21st, in Burlington, N. J., died Fanny Miller, wife of the Rev. Robert L. Goldsborough, in the 67th year of her age.——To the list of victims in the terrible Seawanhaka disaster is to be added the name of Miss Elizabeth L. Diller, aged 40 years. In devotion to her father she had for years given up everything besides; and at the last hour on the fated steamer, in the vain attempt to save his life, she sacrificed her own.—— The Rev. Milton C. Lightner died in Oakland, Cal., on the 1st of July, aged 60 years.——The Rev. Ephraim Punderson died in Cleveland, Ohio, on the 13th of July, aged 79 years.

The Power of Truth.—The celebrated Gilbert West and Lord Lyttleton, both men of acknowledged ability, had received the principles of infidelity from a superficial view of the Scriptures. They agreed together to expose what they termed the imposture of the Bible, and Mr. West chose the Resurrection of Christ, and Lord Lyttleton the Conversion of St. Paul, as the subjects of their criticism. Both sat down to their respective tasks full of prejudice and a contempt for Christianity. But what was the result? They were both converted by their endeavors to overthrow the truth of the Scripture. They came together, not, as they expected, to exult over an imposture exposed to ridicule, but to lament their unbelief, and to congratulate each other that they had discovered the truth of Revelation. They published their inquiries, which form two of the most valuable treatises now existing, in favor of the truth of God's Word—one entitled "Observations on the Conversion of St. Paul," and the other "Observations on the Resurrection of Christ."—*Church and S. S. Weekly.*

RELIGION OR SUPERSTITION.

On Friday of last week, Thomas F. Kelley, an Irish Catholic, started in his bare feet to walk from Philadelphia to the monastery at Loretto, Cambria county, Pa. His sins had been many, he said, on account of which he was "doing penance" in his walk. He was not begging his way, either, but claimed to have given to the poor $700 and all this world's goods he owned, even to the shoes he wore, prior to beginning the painful journey. He carried a letter signed by David A. Brennan, Secretary and Chancellor of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia, witnessing the character of its bearer. He reached that place Wednesday evening, footsore, but satisfied that he was in the right, and uncomplainingly. He was provided with lodgings at the Gault House, where he refused breakfast the next morning, and afterward started on his journey westward. To use his own language, if he perseveres, he will spend the remainder of his days in the abbey for which he is bound, if he doesn't sacrifice himself before arriving there.—*Newport (Pa.) Ledger.*

How perfectly the above justifies Dr. Littledale's powerful words, that Romanism is just ceasing to be a faith, and is degenerating into a mere superstition—that is, into a form of religion in which *fear* is stronger than love and trust. Its leading characteristic is the belief that the Powers above man are unfriendly, jealous, and vindictive; or at best, stern and relentless, and that they must be baffled by magical charms, or be bought off by being gratified with the sight of those sufferings which they delight to inflict. That is the sentiment which is the root alike of African Fetichism and of Hindoo Fakirism; it is the popular Roman Creed, although there is scarce a hint of it in either Missal or Breviary.—*Living Church.*

Assumed qualities may catch the affections of some, but one must possess qualities really good to fix the heart.

Editor's Book Table.

THE LIFE AND WORK OF WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MUHLENBERG. By Anne Ayres. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Sister Anne has done her task well in this biography. For eighteen years associated with Dr. Muhlenberg in his pious and charitable works, she fully enjoyed his confidence, and had abundant opportunity to gather such materials as would enable her to present a history of those portions of his life with which she was not personally acquainted, as well as those in which she had the privilege of daily intercourse. The biography is full without being burdened with unnecessary details, and the texture of the narrative is gracefully woven.

Besides the value of the work as presenting a portrait of saintly life and work, there are several facts of interest in connection with the early history of the Church in America.

Our readers are of course aware that our fathers imported with the Prayer Book the office of Clerk also. The duty of this personage was to lead the responses, announce the Psalm and hymn, and frequently to conduct the singing. It probably is not known, however, how this office was abolished. The story is here given:

St. James's, Philadelphia, was then the church of his affections. There he had his first class in Sunday-school, and that school was one of the first in the country. There, too, he had his first singing boys, having, at the request of Bishop White, taken the direction of the music. He found rather a bad set in possession of the "organ loft," and it was on his reporting their ill-behavior to the Bishop, who was also rector, that he received full power to effect a reform.

The clerk, who had hitherto been supreme, was naturally very jealous of Mr. Muhlenberg's interference, and resisted it. At the practisings, as a first step in reformation, it was arranged that this functionary should simply lead the bass; but when Sunday morning came he took his place at the centre desk and sang out as precentor as heretofore, the organist and he understanding one another, for they were equally opposed to the "revolution," as they deemed it. As long as the clerk did his old part of leading the responses and giving out the Psalm, it was impossible to keep him in the necessary subordination; Mr. Muhlenberg stated this difficulty to the Bishop, who at once threw himself into his young brother's plans. Indeed he was very glad of such co-operation in a reform which was beyond his own power; for with regard to the organist and singers, the good Bishop had often said "Forty years long was I grieved with this generation"; he immediately said he would dispense with the clerk's leading the responses, and would give out the Psalm himself. He, at the same time, furnished Mr. Muhlenberg with a written commission, as warrant for his action, to the clerk. On the strength of this Mr. Muhlenberg went the next Saturday afternoon to the organ gallery, and, assisted by his brother, chopped away the clerk's desk and sewed together the curtains in front of it, thereby reducing the clerk to the level of the other singers. The amazement of the poor man on Sunday morning, at finding himself thus disposed of, may be imagined. And who now would give out the metre psalm? To the surprise of the congregation, as well as of the clerk, the Bishop, who officiated that morning, did it himself; and thenceforward the rector always gave out the metre psalm in St. James's, and soon after in Christ church and St. Peter's also.

"About twenty-five years ago, the writer happening to be in Philadelphia with Dr. Muhlenberg and his sister, they paid a visit to old St. James's, when Dr. Muhlenberg told this story, merrily pointing out the scene of his exploit. He had a further anecdote touching the office of clerk, which, though the occurrence is later, is in

place here. 'Soon after my ordination,' he said, 'being in New York, accompanying Bishop White on his way to Hartford for the consecration of Bishop Brownell, at an evening party at my sister's, I asked Bishop Hobart how he, with his Church views, could allow a layman, every Sunday, in his presence, to stand up and exhort the people. He asked me what I meant. I replied, "The clerk giving out the Psalm with the call to 'sing to the praise and glory of God.'" He laughed; and I know that not long after the practice was abolished in New York also."

Those who knew Dr. Muhlenberg well will recognize this portrait:

A new project indeed, whatever the vision in his mind, was always a fountain of exhilaration to him, giving elasticity to his tread, a ringing joyousness to his voice, and a sort of radiancy to his whole being. Those who were nearest to him could discern such an inspiration before he uttered a word on the subject. The flow of spirits it engendered glorified the daily drudgery with which, in his unselfishness, he was apt to load himself, and his routine duties were never more thoroughly discharged than under such an influence, when his eyes saw everything in roseate tints, "hues of their own, fresh borrowed from the heart."

It is well known that in the first year of his ministry Dr. Muhlenberg was what was known as a Low Churchman; but this by no means rendered him less frank and cordial with those whose views were at variance with his own. Having realized the importance of an improvement in our hymnody, he urged this subject in the General Convention, and obtained the appointment of a committee. The actual work devolved upon young Muhlenberg and the Rev. Dr. H. U. Onderdonk. Says the biography:

Mr. Muhlenberg had felt some reluctance in uniting with Dr. Onderdonk in this, knowing how widely they differed in taste, sentiment, and opinion; but when they got fairly to work, all went vastly better than he had anticipated. There were concessions and conciliations on both sides, and a very kind hospitality on the part of Dr. and Mrs. Onderdonk, so that the visits to their house, where the meetings were always held, were pleasant ones. Topics, other than the Psalms and Hymns, often came up, and a frank, good-natured tilt on Church points sometimes took place, neither combatant feeling the worse for it.

In 1827 Dr. Onderdonk was elected Bishop of Pennsylvania. Mr. Muhlenberg was then on a visit at Harrisburg, where the Convention was held. The moment the decision was reached he hastened to become, on his own responsibility, the bearer of the tidings. The remainder is told by Mr. Muhlenberg himself in his diary:

"May 12th, 1827. Arrived in New York, and went directly over to Brooklyn, to enjoy the treat of making Brother Henry's heart right glad. Found him at home, and made him sit down patiently to hear the news from Harrisburg. To his guessing who the elected bishop was, I continually replied it was some one he liked still better—'A man,' I told him, 'after his own heart.' After keeping him in suspense for awhile, telling him what I thought of the individual, that he was 'too high a Churchman,' an 'opponent of the Bible societies,' etc.—thus taking the opportunity of saying to himself what I had said of him to others—I said, 'Let me now take leave of you as a fellow-presbyter and fellow-hymn-monger, and salute you as Henry, Bishop of Pennsylvania.'

"'No?—' But it would be wrong to record the expressions of such a moment. He seemed considerably affected, and received the intelligence, I thought, like a Christian man."

The late lamented Dr. Diller furnishes the following sketch, which is perfectly characteristic of Dr. Muhlenberg, and illustrates his way of teaching his boys self-denial:

One day he called them together and read to them from the newspapers a statement of destitution and distress among some German emigrants recently landed in New York. He then asked them whether they

would like to give something in relief. In an instant there were loud and vociferous offers. One said "I'll give two dollars," another "I'll give one," another three, all were ready to give something; and thus a large sum was at once subscribed. But the boys, by a standing rule of the Institute, were not allowed spending money, except to a very limited extent, and there was not money enough, in the pockets of all of them put together, to pay more than a small portion of the sum they wanted to give. The Doctor then said to them that he had no doubt their parents would be gratified to pay the several sums named, if made an item of charge in their school bills, but what he at present wanted to know was what they would give themselves, without calling upon their parents, *i. e.*, he wanted them to give *their own* alms. And so he asked them "Are you willing to give these poor creatures your dinner?" There was a general response of assent, but it was not vociferous like the other. It was subdued, yet earnest and sincere. Then the matter for decision was, How shall it be done? And it was decided thus, to select two of the most expensive week-day dinners—for Sunday was always a feast—to make their own meal on plain bread and molasses on those two days, and to give, through Dr. Muhlenberg, the difference in cost to the needy emigrants. This difference, in a large family, amounted to a goodly sum, which was thus the result of the self-denial of the boys and others. This incident illustrates the principle taught by the Doctor, that self-denial for the purpose of giving, is held to be a part of acceptable giving at all times. There is no such thing as giving of that which costs us nothing.

A very common and popular charity of the present day is the "Fresh Air Fund." Many do not know who originated it. Dr. Muhlenberg's biographer informs us:

The term fresh air, as applied to country refreshment for the poor in Summer, and now so common amongst us that many and various agencies for the purpose have adopted the phrase, was original with Dr. Muhlenberg, both as to name and fact. And the "Fresh Air" charity came about just as simply and naturally as many another of his good works. His parish notes furnish, incidentally, a record of this beginning, and afford a pleasing picture of the first recipient of the benefit, as well as of Dr. Muhlenberg in relation to them. The entire minute is of interest. It was the Summer of the cholera, 1849:

"Tuesday, August 7th. Went, accompanied by ———, on a pastoral visitation. First to the Cholera Hospital in Thirteenth street. Gave them clothing for the patients. Spoke to the women I saw there last evening. They have few and poor nurses, the Corporation not allowing money enough to hire good ones, who want two dollars a day; while they can afford, they say, but fifty cents. Outrageous while there is money enough for frolics and processions. Visited several poor families; gave Mrs. R. money to take an excursion with her children. For ten years she said she had not done such a thing. Called at Mrs. H's. 'Who are all these children?' 'That's Ellen's school.' 'I am glad to see Ellen so well employed. I suppose the school is some help to you.' 'O no; it's a charity school.' 'Indeed!' 'Yes; these poor children are left by their parents to run about in the heat—you know it's vacation time; so to keep them from being sick, Ellen has taken them here every day, and teaches them their tables,' etc. Verily, one can hardly get the rich to give their money to a charity school; but here is a poor woman keeping one in her house, her daughter, a sweet little girl, teaching. I proposed that they should take a day of recreation in the country. 'We have no money for that,' the mother replied. 'You shall have the money.' 'O it would seem a sin to spend it in that way; besides, I should lose a day's work.' 'How much can you earn in a day by your sewing?' 'Two shillings.' 'Well, that shall be made up to you.' I told her it would do them all good to go for a little fresh air over to Hoboken in pleasant weather, and as I was saying how glad I and some of their friends in the Church would be to know they had at least one day of pleasure, little Ellen's eyes filled with tears, and she flew up

to me and kissed me most affectionately."

A year or two later the Fresh Air provision became an established Summer charity of the Church of the Holy Communion, and was often extended by the tender and loving pastor to other than its own poor people.

FLOWER SONGS FOR FLOWER LOVERS. Compiled by Rose Porter. New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co.

The compiler of this little volume, though showing good taste in most of her selections, has made, we think, a mistake in bringing again before us poems so familiar as almost to have become household words, and leaving out a large number of equally beautiful ones which are less familiar. The poets have sung of flowers in all ages, and still the theme is new, and almost daily, additions are made to the already nearly exhaustless store of verses about them. We doubt not that "the delicate question which" was often before the compiler, and must of necessity have been, unless she had wished to make her book much larger than she has seen fit to do.

Harper's Magazine for August has an especially good assortment of poetry. The number opens with 'Robert Burns,' by Mr. Longfellow, with three illustrations. Another poem is 'Henry of Navarre before Paris,' by Nora Perry, with an excellent illustration by Fredericks; and we copy a merry little boating song by Emily Huntington Miller. The last seven chapters of 'Mary Anerley' occupy a good deal of space; and there are three chapters of William Black's 'Yachting Romance,' and two of Henry James Jr's 'Washington Square.' Notwithstanding these, there is still room for many fine illustrations, noticeable among which are those in Rebecca Harding Davis's 'By-Paths in the Mountains,' in W. H. Bishop's 'Fish and Men in the Maine Islands,' and in Philip O. Sullivan's charming little Summer sketch, 'The Happy Hunting Ground.' Frank R. Stockton has produced for this number one of his admirable short stories, called 'Mr. Tolman,' dealing in his inimitable fashion with commonplace subjects, and making them appear not in the least uninteresting because they are commonplace. In 'A Martin Summer in the Garden of France,' M. D. Conway discourses of the beauties of Touraine, and gives several of the old legends of St. Martin.

The August *Scribner* comes out in new splendors, appropriate to the mid-Summer occasion. It opens with a remarkable frontispiece engraving by Cole, from the famous picture of Savonarola, by Fra Bartolommeo. This portrait accompanies 'The Plain Story of Savonarola's Life,' written by the English wife of the Italian Professor Villari. The work by the latter on the great Florentine preacher, patriot, and martyr, is now considered the standard biography; and it would be difficult to find in English a more succinct and correct sketch of the life of the great Italian than that now offered by Madame Villari. The paper has illustrations of the tragic life and death of Savonarola, by Mr. Van Schaick, the American artist living in Florence.

Mr. Seymour Haden's 'Etchings' is a spirited art paper (anti-Ruskin), by Philip Gilbert Hammerton. It contains a number of Mr. Haden's etchings, reproduced small, most beautifully, and with great accuracy, on wood. In another column we quote the preface on etching, which will be found of interest.

John Burroughs and Mary Hallock Foote together have a very charming paper on 'Our River'—the Hudson—and not a line of guide-book or Uni-

ted States history in it. Mr. William H. Rideing appears in a very amusing and profusely illustrated article, entitled 'The Curiosities of Advertising.' The short story 'Jim Allthings,' by Alfred B. Street is a failure. Alfred Rhodes has a short paper of the subject of American girls 'Marrying Titles.'

'The Book of Mormon,' is an account, by Mrs. Ellen E. Dickinson, fortified by sworn and other testimony, of the origin of the Mormon Bible, which is claimed to have been written as a novel by her great-uncle, the Rev. Solomon Spaulding.

The rest of the number is as pleasing as the *Scribner* knows how to be.

Who would not be a child in these days? Our finest writers and artists are employed to do their best for the pleasure and profit of the children, and they have faithfully done it in the mid-Summer number of *St. Nicholas*. The frontispiece, 'Hop o' my Thumb,' is from a picture by Gustave Doré. Earnest Ingersoll, who has lately become so popular through his Western sketches in the columns of *Scribner's* and *Harper's*, has given the readers of *St. Nicholas* a glimpse of 'Placer and Gulch Mining' in the Rocky Mountains. 'The Coral Castle' tells in the most fascinating way about the building of coral islands. E. C. N. makes 'The Darning Needle' and his habits extremely interesting to the young folk, who have no doubt many of them looked upon the beautiful, lively fellow with distrust. An Indian legend, 'The Making of the Humming-Bird,' is told in very simple, graceful verse by Annie A. Preston. Olive Thorn Miller's contribution, 'A Happy Thought for Street Children,' is up to the times, and tells the story of what is popularly called the 'Fresh Air Excursions,' from its beginning in the brain of a good man—Dr. Muhlenberg—through its various stages to its present condition, where it gives health and happy hearts to the pale, pinched, half-starved street children of New York. The quaint device of 'The Song of the Palm-leaf Fan' is a striking feature of this month. There are also some excellent stories, of which no child should fail to read the very sweet little tale of 'Marjorie's Peril,' or the reason 'Why the Black Cat Winked.' There is a story for the very little folks, and 'Jack in the Pulpit' has something to say about 'An Electric Mail-Carrier' and 'An Egyptian Rip Van Winkle,' and several other interesting topics.

Appletons' Journal for August opens with the first part of a story by Annie Bothwell, entitled 'Edge Tools.' It promises well. Such 'edge tools,' however, as are treated of in this story it may be hazardous for an author in a novel, as well as for a character in real life, to handle. We think, however, the subject is safe in the hands of one who moralizes as follows:

Whether the greater iniquity consists in evil intentions never carried into fulfilment, or in the commission of evil never intended, is a question which has caused the casuists some debate, and may yet give them further trouble before being brought to a satisfactory conclusion. Theory may be left to the theorists; in *fact*, we see obviously enough the self-gratulations of those who, in spite of black hatred cherished, murderous longings indulged, and curses breathed, hug themselves and say "We have *done* no harm." While if not so evident, yet quite as self-deceiving and satisfactory to the conscience, are the reflections of those who can say, in presence of blighted lives and broken hearts, "I am sorry, but I *meant* no wrong." While moralists are endeavoring to decide on which side the guilt lies heaviest, both are equally striving to cast off the imputation of any guilt at all.

Dr. W. B. Richardson continues his

papers on 'Health at Home,' full of valuable suggestions. There is an essay by Stopford A. Brooke on 'Shelley.' 'The Influence of Art in Daily Life,' and 'Landscape Painting,' by Sir Robert P. Collier, are two art articles, both excellent reading. The latter has some very just strictures on some recent specimens of so-called art. An article on 'German Dialect Poets,' by W. W. Crane, contains a few translations from some German poets whose writings have been in the different dialects spoken in Germany. What can be more simple, and yet touchingly beautiful, for instance, than the following translation of 'Farewell to my Homeland,' by K. G. Nadler:

Only some cuttings from the vineyard yonder
I take, to plant far off beyond the sea;
And father's flintlock, and our dear old Bible—
These things are all of home I take with me.

In that Book stand the names of all us children,
And all our ages written side by side;
With father's own song of 'The Captive Rider';
And that dark day, too, when our mother died.

I know sad thoughts should grieve my soul no longer,
But all that passes seems to me a dream;
O when I am far off there across the ocean,
Then swiftly backward all my thoughts will stream.

There once again the old home must be builded;
Still the old home, but staunch and strong and new,
Where all the wrongs we've borne can no more reach us;
Proudly to stand the coming time all through.

When through the night the fierce storm winds are roaring,
And the black clouds are flying wild and free,
Then think of us as we are forward faring,
Out there so far across the dreary sea.

And Winter evenings, when you're all together,
Think of us, then, on that strange distant shore,
As we shall surely still of you be thinking,
In weal and woe and heartache sore.

Once more together let us drink at parting;
My brothers all, my friends, each one your hand!
Farewell, and God in heaven be your helper!
Farewell forever, mine own Fatherland!

There is an excellent novelette by Julian Sturgis, entitled 'Michael and I.' 'The Cook's Oracle,' an amusing essay on the famous Dr. Kitchiner, lightens up the number very happily. There is a review of Swinburne's new volume of poems; of Goldwin Smith's 'Cowper'; some 'Briefs on Recent Novels'; and the 'Editor's Table' is full of good reading.

The August *Lippincott's* opens with an illustrated article on 'American Aeronauts,' by Will O. Bates, wherein he gives the outlines of the history of Aeronautism in America, and many of the experiences—some tragic, some ludicrous, and all odd enough—of the various enthusiasts who have tried this form of locomotion. The first paper of 'Canoeing on the High Mississippi,' in its description of how the canoe-fleet went overland from Detroit City, Minn., to Wild Rice Lake, speaks of stopping at White Earth Agency, and after giving a brief description of the place, says:

Not far away to the south is the Roman Catholic church; a mile to the north is the hospital—a large and cheerful building; and near the hospital are the tasteful Protestant Episcopal chapel and the rectory of the Rev. Mr. Gilfillan, who for fourteen years has worthily occupied a parish coextensive with the Chippewa nation. The true solution of the Indian question is being worked out at White Earth in results that argue well for the future. Each child may secure education, and the minds and morals of all ages are cared for. Their churches are well attended, and their schools have outgrown present accommodations. Their religious services and schools are conducted in their own language. They have an educated Indian clergyman, who can speak English, while Mr. Gilfillan speaks the Chippewa as fluently as his mother-tongue. They have few quarrels, no thieving, no drunkenness, no abject poverty. They are not more perfect than others of human kind, but according to their light and sphere they are as good as a similar average of whites anywhere. The wise purpose is to make them kind, moral, educated, and industrious Indians, not make-believe white men; and the work is doing and promising well in sincere and capable hands.

The article is by A. H. Siegfried, and

contains five illustrations. 'National Music as an Interpreter of National Character,' is a subject upon which until now, though many without doubt have thought, yet few, perhaps none, have written. Amelia C. Barr has given an interesting, thoughtful article under that heading. 'Mallston's Youngest,' a short story, containing some excellent character sketches, follows next in order. George F. Varney, in his article 'Where Lightning Strikes,' seems to leave us very few places where it does not strike. He gives, however, some advice with regard to protection from it, and relates some very interesting incidents about the ways of this mysterious electric current. Indeed, this month's number is full of interesting articles on a variety of subjects.

The *Foreign Church Chronicle and Review* for June is full of interesting matter. The articles are (1) 'In Memoriam—Lord Charles Hervey'; (2) 'Life of Bishop Milman'; (3) 'The Ministry of Dr. Hook at Leeds,' by the Bishop of Lincoln; (4) 'The Emancipation of the Church of France'; (5) 'Professor Mesmer of Munich'; (6) 'Two Old Catholic Pastorals'; (7) 'Protestantism in Germany'; (8) 'The Episcopal Succession in Sweden'; (9) 'Interview Between the Armenian Patriarch and the Bishop of Gibraltar'; (10) 'Anglo-Continental Meeting at Nice'; (11) 'The Literary and Theological Fraud'; (12) Notices. London: Rivingtons.

ETCHING.

The uninitiated public seems to be divided in its estimate of the place which etching should take among the arts; it is considered by some as mere pen-drawing, and by others as an inferior kind of engraving. It is, however, an art quite distinct from either, with capabilities and limitations peculiar to itself. Briefly, the process is as follows: A metal plate, preferably copper, is covered with a coat of blackened varnish or wax. On this surface the artist, with a needle not unlike a common sewing-needle, set in a handle, sketches his composition. The needle usually only removes the varnish, leaving the design in glittering lines on a black background. The plate is then immersed in an acid bath, and when the lines have been sufficiently bitten, it is removed. If variation of tone and a difference of force in the lines is required, as is usually the case, the more delicate portions of the sketch are 'stopped out'—that is, covered by varnish so that they shall not be affected by any subsequent exposure in the bath. The plate is again immersed, and the process of stopping out repeated. In the plate of Maxime Lalanne, entitled "Fribourg, Switzerland," for example, the copper was five times subjected to the action of the acid. After three minutes' biting, the most delicate lines, indicating the extreme distance, were stopped out, and the plate was exposed for three minutes more. After this, the nearer distance was stopped, and so on with successive portions of the plate, protected from the action of the acid for four, ten, and again ten minutes respectively, making the entire time occupied by the biting process only thirty minutes.

It will be seen, even from this cursory explanation of etching, not only that the work is autographic, but that it requires the mastery gained only by thorough artistic training, as well as natural powers of no mean order, to become a master etcher. The hand must be firm and true, the lines must all have meaning, the mind must be clear to grasp essentials, and the whole process must be purely intellectual; as no greater difference in effect can be imagined than that produced by glittering lines on a black surface, on the one hand, and that of delicately graded black lines on a white background, on the other. A positive process is sometimes used, when the etching appears upon the plate as black lines upon a white surface; but in this process other difficulties occur, as the lines have to be etched in the order of their depth to insure the relative amount of biting. —*Scribner for August.*

HOLY DAYS IN AUGUST.

St. Bartholomew the Apostle.

August 24th.

In the list of the twelve Apostles given by St. John there is no mention of the name Bartholomew. In those given by the other Evangelists there is no mention of the name of Nathanael. But comparing all these lists together, there can be no doubt that Bartholomew and Nathanael are one and the same person. This is further evident from the fact that while St. John frequently couples the names of Philip and Nathanael, the other Evangelists as often associate the names of Philip and Bartholomew. Why this name was given to Nathanael is not apparent. Its signification is the son or pupil of Tholmai. Possibly, as has been conjectured, the name was given him as a member of a Jewish sect, called Tholmæans. Of his origin nothing is said, except that he was of Cana in Galilee. He is introduced in the simple narrative of St. John: "Philip findeth Nathanael and saith unto him, We have found Him of whom Moses in the law and in the prophets did write—Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph. And Nathanael said unto him, Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip saith unto him, Come and see. Jesus saw Nathanael coming unto Him and saith of him, Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile. Nathanael saith unto Him, Whence knowest Thou me? Jesus answered and said unto him, Before that Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig-tree I saw thee. Nathanael saith unto Him, Rabbi, Thou art the Son of God; Thou art the King of Israel."

At that time there was a general looking for the coming of the Messiah. Many, no doubt, like the aged Simeon, had prayed that their eyes might not be closed in death until the promised One should appear. From the very brief sketch here given we may suppose Nathanael to have been one of these, and at his home, under his "own vine and fig-tree," daily praying for the consolation of Israel. Possibly he might there have asked of God some sign; and when brought into the presence of Jesus of Nazareth that sign is given, "When thou wast under the fig-tree I saw thee." For immediately upon hearing these words he exclaimed, "Rabbi, Thou art the Son of God; Thou art the King of Israel."

"An Israelite indeed in whom is no guile" is the description of Nathanael given by our Lord himself. Prophecy had foretold that Christ should be the Son of David, and born in Bethlehem. But the person to whom Nathanael is brought is the carpenter of Nazareth. Evidently he knew not how to reconcile the apparent discrepancy; but without waiting for a solution of the difficulty, his faith carries him through with guileless simplicity. He bows before the long-expected Messiah. The Lord assures him that he shall be favored with the sight of greater wonders than the sign which had just been given. He should see in the kingdom of God a realization of the prophetic vision of Jacob, heaven opened, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of Man.

History asserts that Bartholomew preached the Gospel first in Southern Asia and India, then in Northern Asia. It is said that he suffered martyrdom in Armenia, being, according to some accounts, crucified with his head downward, or according to others, flayed alive.

The most difficult thing in life is to know yourself.—*Thales.*

Sunday School Lessons.

As recommended by the Members of the several Committees on "Uniform Sunday School Lessons," appointed by the Bishops of the Dioceses of New York, Long Island, New Jersey, Central New York, Ohio, and Southern Ohio, and by the Committees representing the Diocese of Massachusetts and the Sunday School Association of Philadelphia.

TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Joshua's Words of Warning.

Text to be Learned.

TAKE HEED, BRETHREN, LEST THERE BE IN ANY OF YOU AN EVIL HEART OF UNBELIEF, IN DEPARTING FROM THE LIVING GOD. Heb. iii. 12.

The Lesson—Josh. xxiii. 2, 3, 11–16.

2. And Joshua called for all Israel, and for their elders, and for their heads, and for their judges, and for their officers, and said unto them, I am old, and stricken in age:

3. And ye have seen all that the Lord your God hath done unto all these nations, because of you; for the Lord your God is He that hath fought for you.

11. Take good heed, therefore, unto yourselves, that ye love the Lord your God.

12. Else if ye do in any wise go back, and cleave unto the remnant of these nations, even these that remain among you, and shall make marriages with them, and go in unto them, and they to you:

13. Know for a certainty that the Lord your God will no more drive out any of these nations from before you; but they shall be snares and traps unto you, and scourges in your sides, and thorns in your eyes, until ye perish from off this good land which the Lord your God hath given you.

14. And behold, this day I am going the way of all the earth; and ye know in all your hearts, and in all your souls, that not one thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord your God spake concerning you; all are come to pass unto you, and not one thing hath failed thereof.

15. Therefore it shall come to pass that as all good things are come upon you, which the Lord your God promised you; so shall the Lord bring upon you all evil things, until He have destroyed you from off this good land which the Lord your God hath given you.

16. When ye have transgressed the covenant of the Lord your God, which he commanded you, and have gone and served other gods, and bowed yourselves to them, then shall the anger of the Lord be kindled against you, and ye shall perish quickly from off the good land which He hath given unto you.

It was probably in Shiloh that Joshua gathered "all Israel" together. He assembled them by their representatives, the elders, heads of tribes, judges, and officers, whose duty it was to bear to the people the message they should receive. It may be well here to bear in mind that in several places "all Israel" does not necessarily signify each individual. We read in the New Testament concerning John the Baptist, that "Then went out to him Jerusalem and all Judea, and all the region round about Jordan, and were baptized of him in Jordan, confessing their sins." This could not have been true of every individual in the region mentioned.

The tribes by their representatives having been assembled, Joshua proceeds to remind them of the noble deeds God had done on their behalf, and to assure them that they could expect the continuance of His favor only on condition of their obedience. The sin of the nations who had been driven out was idolatry. That was high treason against the Sovereign Ruler of nations. It was, moreover, the source and fountain of all the cruelties, crimes, and beastly abominations for which pagan nations were distinguished. Such being the case, idolatry was to be utterly exterminated, and not even the names of the pagan divinities were to be mentioned. In order more effectually to preserve the Hebrews from contamination, they were forbidden to have any intercourse whatever with these idolaters. They were to make no covenant with them, and no marriages, nor to mingle with them in any manner. The word of the Lord, spoken by Moses, had been, "Thou shalt drive them out before thee. Thou shalt make no covenant with them, nor with their gods. They shall not dwell in thy

land, lest they make thee sin against Me; for if thou serve their gods, it will surely be a snare unto thee" (Ex. xxiii. 31, 32, 33).

One punishment for sin is the weakening of the power of resistance. Yielding to it is to become its slave, and continuance in it is to love the bondage. So was it with the Israelites. Engaging in a war of extermination, God would be with them. Tolerating and mingling with the idolaters was but to yield to their contaminating influence. In punishment for this, God would withdraw His resisting grace—would "no more drive out any of these nations," and the chosen people would find them snares and traps, and scourges. The retribution for serving other gods and bowing to them would be "Then shall the anger of the Lord be kindled against you, and ye shall perish quickly from off the good land which the Lord your God hath given you."

QUESTIONS.

1. Who were the "elders" of Israel? They were those who were chosen as chief persons over a subdivision of a tribe consisting of several families.

2. Who were called the heads? They were the same as the elders.

3. Who were the judges? They were persons appointed to hear and decide matters in dispute. Somewhat like our justices of the peace.

4. Who were the officers? Persons holding any office of whatever kind.

5. How old was Joshua at this time? About one hundred and ten years.

6. At what place did Joshua call for all Israel, their elders and their heads, their judges and their officers? Probably at Shiloh; though it may have been at Shechem.

7. What was meant by the remnant of these nations? Those who had not been exterminated.

8. What were the Israelites forbidden to do? To make marriages with these nations, or to have intercourse with them.

9. What would be the consequence of disobeying this requirement? Verse 13.

10. What did Joshua mean when he said that he was "going the way of all the earth"? That he was about to die.

ADDITIONAL FOR THE OLDER SCHOLARS.

11. What may the "idolatrous nations surrounding the Israelites in Palestine be considered to represent? The sinful allurements which beset the Christian in the world.

12. What is to be done with them? They are to be utterly exterminated.

CATECHISM.

Question. What dost thou chiefly learn by these Commandments?

Answer. I learn two things: my duty toward God, and my duty toward my neighbor.

Q. What is thy duty toward God?

A. My duty toward God is to believe in Him, to fear Him, and to love Him with all my heart, with all my mind, with all my soul, and with all my strength; to worship Him, to give Him thanks, to put my whole trust in Him, to call upon Him, to honor His holy name and His Word, and to serve Him truly all the days of my life.

THE COLLECT.

Let Thy merciful ears, O Lord, be open to the prayers of Thy humble servants; and that they may obtain their petitions, make them to ask such things as shall please Thee; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

The People Promise to be Faithful.

Text to be Learned.

THE LORD OUR GOD WILL WE SERVE, AND HIS VOICE WILL WE OBEY. Joshua xxiv. 22.

The Lesson—Joshua xxiv. 14, 15, 21–29.

14. Now, therefore, fear the Lord and serve Him in sincerity and in truth; and put away the gods which your fathers served on the other side of the flood, and in Egypt, and serve ye the Lord.

15. And if it seem evil unto you to serve the Lord, choose you this day whom you will serve, whether the gods which your fathers served, that were on the other side of the flood, or the gods of the Amorites, in whose land ye dwell; but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.

21. And the people said unto Joshua, Nay, but we will serve the Lord.

22. And Joshua said unto the people, Ye are witnesses against yourselves that ye have chosen you the Lord to serve Him. And they said, We are witnesses.

23. Now, therefore, put away (said he) the strange gods which are among you, and incline your heart unto the Lord God of Israel.

24. And the people said unto Joshua, The Lord our God will we serve, and His voice will we obey.

25. So Joshua made a covenant with the people that day, and set them a statute and an ordinance in Shechem.

26. And Joshua wrote these words in the book of the law of God, and took a great stone, and set it up there under an oak that was by the sanctuary of the Lord.

27. And Joshua said unto all the people, Behold, this stone shall be a witness unto us; for it hath heard all the words of the Lord which He spake unto us: it shall be therefore a witness unto you, lest ye deny your God.

28. So Joshua let the people depart, every man unto his inheritance.

29. And it came to pass after these things that Joshua the son of Nun the servant of the Lord died, being an hundred and ten years old.

Referring to Genesis xxxv. 2, 4, it will be perceived that in this very place Jacob had once summoned his people to put away their idols from among them. They had done so. And yet from that time on, through all the oppressions of Egypt, and all the long journeyings in the wilderness, idolatry had been the besetting sin of the chosen people. The watchful eye and the constant exhortations of their leaders seemed scarcely able to restrain them from it; and now three hundred years after Jacob commanded his household in regard to this sin, and upon the same spot, Joshua has occasion to warn Jacob's descendants of the peril of idolatry. He calls upon them to make their choice—to serve God or to serve idols. Both they could not do. But it was folly to attempt to make a compromise between the two, and serve both. On the occasion of the delivery of the law from Sinai, Moses had in a similar manner called upon the people to give their decision, and their reply had been "All the words which the Lord hath said will we do" (Ex. xxiv. 3). But that covenant had been violated, and the people now, at the remonstrance of Joshua, again promise "We will serve the Lord, for He is our God." Not only do they thus pledge themselves, but of their own accord recite the mercies which placed them under a special obligation so to do. But Joshua, in order that their decision may be deliberate, and with a full view of the task they had assumed, reminds them that God is not to be trifled with. If they bound themselves to His service, He would hold them to their promise, and jealously watch their conduct. Even with this clear statement of the extent of their obligations and the difficulties in the way, the people solemnly promised "The Lord our God will we serve, and His voice will we obey."

To a covenant there must always be at least two parties. Here, then, Joshua having made promise on God's part, and the people, as the second party, having given their promise, this was a mutual agreement, solemnly entered into. And as in every covenant there must be an outward and visible sign, or expression of the same, so Joshua, having written these words in the book of the law of God, "took a great stone and set it up there under an oak that was by the sanctuary of the Lord. And Joshua said unto all the people, Behold this stone shall be a witness unto us." Even so is it in accordance with all precedent, that in the covenant of Baptism, or the renewal of the same in Confirmation and the Holy Communion, man, the one party, makes a promise; the promise of God, the other party, is made through the ministers of the Church; and the covenant is ratified by the outward sign and seal of God's appointment. These three are essential to a covenant: two parties contracting, and an outward sign as witness of the same.

QUESTIONS.

1. What is meant by "the other side of the flood"? The countries beyond the Euphrates, where Abraham and his ancestors lived.

2. Did Joshua mean to imply that the Israelites would be permitted to serve false gods if they chose to do so? Not by any means.

3. What, then, did the words "Choose you this day whom ye will serve," imply? That instead of promising to do one thing while doing the contrary, it was but consistent that they should declare what they honestly intended to do.

4. What did Joshua promise for himself? "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

5. What did Joshua do for the people when they promised to serve God? Verse 25.

6. What is meant by "a statute and an ordinance"? A solemn declaration of the law.

8. What is a covenant? An agreement between two parties.

ADDITIONAL FOR THE OLDER SCHOLARS.

9. What is the ratification of a covenant? It is the completing or making it valid and binding.

10. How is this done? By some outward sign or transaction between the parties.

11. How was the covenant here made, ratified? It was written in the law, and a stone was set up in witness of the transaction.

CATECHISM.

Question. What is thy duty toward thy neighbor?

Answer. My duty toward my neighbor is to love him as myself, and to do to all men as I would they should do unto me: to love, honor, and succor my father and mother; to honor and obey the civil authority; to submit myself to all my governors, teachers, spiritual pastors, and masters; to order myself lowly and reverently to all my betters.

THE COLLECT.

O God, who declarest Thy Almighty power chiefly in showing mercy and pity, mercifully grant unto us such a measure of Thy grace, that we, running the way of Thy commandments, may obtain Thy gracious promises, and be made partakers of Thy heavenly treasure; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

The People Break their Promise.

Text to be Learned.

LITTLE CHILDREN, KEEP YOURSELVES FROM IDOLS. 1 John v. 21.

The Lesson—Judges ii. 11–16.

11. And the children of Israel did evil in the sight of the Lord, and served Baalim.

12. And they forsook the Lord God of their fathers, which brought them out of the land of Egypt, and followed other gods, of the gods of the people that were round about them, and bowed themselves unto them, and provoked the Lord to anger.

13. And they forsook the Lord, and served Baal and Ashtaroth.

14. And the anger of the Lord was hot against Israel, and He delivered them into the hands of spoilers that spoiled them, and he sold them into the hands of their enemies round about, so that they could not any longer stand before their enemies.

15. Whithersoever they went out, the hand of the Lord was against them for evil, as the Lord had said, and as the Lord had sworn unto them; and they were greatly distressed.

16. Nevertheless, the Lord raised up judges which delivered them out of the hand of those that spoiled them.

When Joshua gathered his people together, and acting in behalf of God, made with them a solemn league and covenant, which was duly ratified, he warned them that the favor of God depended upon their keeping clear of the idols of the nations around them, and having nothing to do with those who worshipped them. And yet even the generation with whom this covenant was made, refrained from driving out and exterminating the idolatrous inhabitants of the land; they even made covenants with them. The angel of the Lord, therefore, appeared to them, and reiterated the threat which Joshua had made—"These nations shall be as thorns in your sides, and their gods shall be a snare unto you."

That generation were now gathered unto their fathers. But the generation succeeding that appear to have wholly forsaken God. The people having violated their part of the covenant so solemnly made with the Almighty, it ceased to be an agreement. It was in force no longer. And therefore it was but putting into execution

the threat He had made when the consequences related in verses 14 and 15 came upon them.

But though an apostate people, and now without one claim upon His mercy, He still remembered them in pity —would not see them wholly given over to destruction, but from time to time "raised up judges which delivered them out of the hand of those that spoiled them."

QUESTIONS.

1. What is meant by saying that the people served Baalim? Baalim is sometimes used as meaning any false god.

2. In what did the idolatry of the Israelites consist? Generally in combining the worship of false gods with the worship of Jehovah.

3. Did it necessarily mean that they ceased worshipping the true God? It did not.

4. How, then, could it be said that "they forsook the Lord God of their fathers"? Because God would not accept the worship that was mingled with that of false divinities.

5. What was the consequence of their falling into idolatry? Their enemies robbed them and conquered them.

6. Did God, therefore, forsake them entirely? Verse 16.

ADDITIONAL FOR THE OLDER SCHOLARS.

7. Who and what were these judges? The judges under Moses and Joshua had been inferior magistrates. But as Moses and Joshua had no successors, these judges were raised up to be magistrates and rulers.

8. What was their special office? They were protectors of the laws, defenders of religion, and the avengers of all crimes, particularly idolatry.

CATECHISM.

To hurt nobody by word or deed; to be true and just in all my dealings; to bear no malice nor hatred in my heart; to keep my hands from picking and stealing, and my tongue from evil speaking, lying, and slandering; to keep my body in temperance, soberness, and chastity; not to covet or desire other men's goods, but to learn and labor truly to get mine own living, and to do my duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call me.

THE COLLECT.

Almighty and everlasting God, who art always more ready to hear than we to pray, and art wont to give more than either we desire or deserve, pour down upon us the abundance of Thy mercy, forgiving us those things whereof our conscience is afraid, and giving us those good things which we are not worthy to ask, but through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Lord. Amen.

THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Worshipping God with the Body.

Text to be Learned.

CHRIST SHALL BE MAGNIFIED IN MY BODY, WHETHER IT BE BY LIFE OR BY DEATH. Phil. i. 20.

The Lesson—Psalm xcv. 1-7 (Prayer Book Version).

1. O come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation.
2. Let us come before His presence with thanksgiving, and show ourselves glad in Him with psalms.
3. For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.
4. In His hand are all the corners of the earth; and the strength of the hills is His also.
5. The sea is His, and He made it; and His hands prepared the dry land.
6. O come, let us worship and fall down, and kneel before the Lord our Maker.
7. For He is the Lord our God; and we are the people of His pasture, and the sheep of His hand.

A smile indicates pleasure; a laugh, mirth. Singing is expressive of gladness. The heart that truly rejoices in God's blessings will express itself in singing unto the Lord. It is important that we understand the true office of praise. Almost any person, when asked why they attend church, will give an answer which implies that the object is to receive spiritual benefit. This is true. But one part of the exercises of the sanctuary does not have this object in view. It is to give a tribute of honor and praise to God. No doubt we are benefited by the act of praise; but the *object* of it is to *give*, not to *receive*. A friend does us

a kindness. We thank him. Why? Because thanking him benefits us? No, but because our thanks are due to him. We are grateful, and that emotion seeks to express itself in thankfulness. For a like reason people honor great heroes or statesmen, or benefactors, proclaiming their deeds and raising monuments, not because such acts benefit the people, but because they are due to the person honored.

For a like reason, viz: because "the Lord is a great God and a great King above all gods; in His hand are all the corners of the earth, and the strength of the hills is His also; the sea is His and He made it, and His hands prepared the dry land"; therefore we exhort one another "O come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation. Let us come before His presence with thanksgiving, and show ourselves glad in Him with psalms."

But it will be said by some: "God is a Spirit, and knows all our thoughts and emotions, and therefore it is not necessary that we should give outward expression to them." But does not God know all our wants also, and is that a reason why we should not pray? No, prayer is a duty as well as a privilege, and praise, or the outward expression of the emotion of gladness, is what the grateful heart longs to give. Just as we smile when we are pleased, so the impulse is to sing to God when His greatness or goodness awakens our contemplation.

But while singing naturally expresses our gladness, so the kneeling or the prostration of the body expresses our reverence, humbling ourselves before that which is great and good. This is not only what will be rendered when there is devout reverence, but *this is what the word worship means.* The words adoration and worship are used interchangeably. But in strictness of language, the devout emotions of reverence and gratitude are not worship, but *adoration.* The *outward expression* in acts, words, and posture is *worship.* The word in the original language signifies falling down or prostration. Hence the Psalmist says "O come, let us worship and fall down and kneel before the Lord our Maker." Merely feeling thankful is not giving thanks, and merely feeling devout and reverent is not worship.

QUESTIONS.

1. What is God to us? Verse 7.

2. What are the tokens of His greatness? Verses 3, 4, 5.

3. What are here mentioned as tokens of His kindness and love to us? His being the strength of our salvation, and the Shepherd of the people of His pasture and the sheep of His hand.

4. What will we do if we acknowledge His greatness and are thankful for His kindness? We shall feel reverent and grateful.

5. Is this all our duty? No, we must express what we feel by honoring Him.

6. How are we to honor Him? The Lord has said "Whoso giveth Me thanks and praise, he honoreth Me."

7. In what other way are we to express our reverence and gratitude? Verse 6.

ADDITIONAL FOR THE OLDER SCHOLARS.

8. What is worship? It is the expression of adoration in acts.

9. What acts, according to Scripture and the example of holy persons in all ages, express this adoration? The words and songs of praise, and the prostration of the body or kneeling before God.

CATECHISM.

Review the last three lessons.

THE COLLECT.

Almighty and merciful God, of Whose only gift it cometh that Thy faithful people do unto Thee true and laudable service, grant, we beseech Thee, that we may so faithfully serve Thee in this life, that we fail not finally to attain Thy heavenly promises; through the merits of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

The Story of Deborah.

Text to be Learned.

THROUGH GOD WILL WE DO GREAT ACTS; FOR IT IS HE THAT SHALL TREAD DOWN OUR ENEMIES. Psalm lx. 12.

The Lesson—Judges iv. 1–8, 23, 24.

1. And the children of Israel again did evil in the sight of the Lord, when Ehud was dead.
2. And the Lord sold them into the hand of Jabin King of Canaan, that reigned in Hazor, the captain of whose host was Sisera, which dwelt in Harosheth of the Gentiles.
3. And the children of Israel cried unto the Lord; for He had nine hundred chariots of iron; and twenty years He mightily oppressed the children of Israel.
4. And Deborah a prophetess, the wife of Lapidoth, she judged Israel at that time.
5. And she dwelt under the palm-tree of Deborah, between Ramah and Beth-el in Mount Ephraim; and the children of Israel came up to her for judgment.
6. And she sent and called Barak the son of Abinoam, out of Kedesh-naphtali, and said unto him, Hath not the Lord God of Israel commanded, saying, Go, and draw toward Mount Tabor, and take with thee ten thousand men of the children of Naphtali, and of the children of Zebulum?
7. And I will draw unto thee, to the river Kishon, Sisera the captain of Jabin's army, with his charlots, and his multitude; and I will deliver him into thine hand.
8. And Barak said unto her, If thou wilt go with me, then I will go; but if thou wilt not go with me, then I will not go.
23. So God subdued on that day Jabin the King of Canaan before the children of Israel.
24. And the hand of the children of Israel prospered and prevailed against Jabin the King of Canaan, until they had destroyed Jabin King of Canaan.

The story of Deborah and Jael ends with the words "And the hand of the children of Israel prospered and prevailed against Jabin the King of Canaan until they had destroyed Jabin King of Canaan." For idolatries and corruptions wicked beyond description, the Canaanites had been doomed to utter destruction. And God, instead of employing the famine, the pestilence, the noisome beast, as instruments to effect their doom, chose the sword of the Israelites to be the executioner of His sentence. But their destruction was not to be accomplished at once. The nations were to be driven out by little and little, lest the beasts of the field should increase against them. But the chosen people, as Joshua had forewarned, became ensnared and entrapped by the idolaters around them, and neglected to drive them out, even "by little and little." In consequence, they fled before their enemies in every battle. They were oppressed, despised, and trampled upon. It appears that Jabin King of Canaan had united all the Canaanitish tribes and sovereignties under himself, and knowing that the Hebrews held a warrant of extermination against him, had resolved to exterminate the Hebrews. He had nine hundred chariots of iron, and for twenty years mightily oppressed the people. Deborah, a prophetess, judged Israel at that time, and inspired from on high, she called upon Barak to go with 10,000 men to meet Sisera, the captain of Jabin's host, at Tabor. The result was the death of Sisera by the hands of Jael, and the utter destruction of the hosts of Jabin.

It is impossible to separate from this narrative the action of Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite. The difficult points in whose narration are that "there was peace between Jabin King of Hazor and the house of Heber the Kenite." That this compact or understanding existing between them Sisera had a right to claim, and Jael was in honor and justice bound to extend the rites of hospitality. That trusting thus to her honor, she treacherously slew him. Nor can we in this case, as in some others, take the ground that Scripture, in recording, does not thereby express the Divine approval of the conduct of those who become the instruments of bringing about the Divine purposes. For in this case, Deborah, a prophetess, utters the commendation "Blessed above women shall Jael the wife of Heber the Kenite be."

It is to be observed that Heber the Kenite was not a descendant of Abraham, but of Hobab, the father-in-law of Moses. The family were worshippers of the true God, and undoubtedly proselytes. But they were not Jews; so that the command of extermination (which was never to set aside a solemn covenant) was not binding upon Jael. It was, no doubt,

for this reason that there was peace between the two houses.

The solution is not to be found in any of the theories yet propounded. This is a case which faith must accept, believing that God would not command, nor would an inspired prophetess approve, covenant-breaking or treachery. It follows, therefore, that there was neither covenant-breaking nor treachery in this case, as could doubtless be shown had *all the facts* been recorded. This view we have always held. There is a passage in Canon Mozley's late work entitled "Ruling Ideas in Early Ages," in which a similar view is given as in part a solution of the problem. That author says:

"It is most important with reference to objectors, to remark upon the history of Jael's act, that this account is evidently a *fragment*. By fragment I mean that it is merely an incomplete statement of the transaction to which it relates, and wants filling up in order to make it a whole and complete account. The story as thus given does not explain itself, because no reason and motive are assigned to the act, so that that which is necessary to the understanding of any human action whatever, and still more of so extraordinary an act as this, has to be supplied. We are told nothing of the mind of the agent in this very brief statement, which is introduced with the greatest abruptness, without any introduction, and without any reflection upon it afterward. It is not, however, sufficiently observed generally, that the account of Jael's act *is* thus incomplete. People accept the short, abrupt statement as if it were a whole. A man suddenly enters her tent; she welcomes him and feeds him; he falls asleep, and she kills him. It is supposed that he was an enemy. But how and in what sense, it is not said. Here is a gap. The great error in the treatment of the act of Jael has been, looking at it without the consideration of this gap, and apart from all those surrounding circumstances which so evidently affix the character and motive to the act, and give it its true interpretation."

QUESTIONS.

1. What was the consequence to the children of Israel of their again doing evil? "The Lord sold them into the hand of Jabin King of Canaan."

2. What is meant by the words "The Lord sold them"? Because they forsook God; He would not help them against their enemies.

3. What was the name of the captain of Jabin's host? Sisera.

4. How many chariots had he? Verse 3.

5. How long had he oppressed the children of Israel? Verse 3.

6. What did they do? Verse 3.

7. Who judged Israel at that time? Verse 4.

8. What was she besides a judge? Verse 4.

9. Where did she dwell? Verse 5.

10. For whom did she send? Vs. 6.

11. What message did she send to him? Verses 6, 7.

12. What was the result of the battle that day? Verse 23.

ADDITIONAL FOR THE OLDER SCHOLARS.

13. What was Canaan? Mainly the land afterward called Palestine.

14. How was it governed? By several kings, under the head of Jabin, or "The Wise," a powerful monarch, who was called King of Canaan.

15. Where did he dwell? In the northern part of Canaan, where was a fortress called Hazor.

CATECHISM.

Catechist. My good child, know this, that thou art not able to do these things of thyself, nor to walk in the Commandments of God, and to serve Him, without His special grace; which thou must learn at all times to call for by diligent prayer. Let me hear, therefore, if thou canst say the Lord's Prayer.

Answer. Our Father, etc.

Q. What desirest thou of God in this prayer?

A. I desire my Lord God, our heavenly Father, who is the giver of all goodness, to send His grace unto me, and to all people; that we may worship Him, serve Him, and obey Him, as we ought to do.

THE COLLECT.

Almighty and everlasting God, give unto us the increase of faith, hope, and charity; and that we may obtain that which Thou dost promise, make us to love that which Thou dost command; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

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